

# THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	515
THE SAVIDGE REPORTS ... ..	518
IRRITATION WITH AMERICA ... ..	519
"PROTECTING" THE ACTOR. By St. John Ervine ... ..	520
SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH TRAINING COMMITTEE ... ..	522
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa ... ..	523
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Justice in the Police Court (Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence); "Personal Liberty" (W. J. Wenham); The Savidge Inquiry (R. B. Kerr); Have the Laity Interfered in the Affairs of the Church? (Lieut.-Colonel Seton Churchill); "On Going Again to Church" (W. Finmore); Cowper's Hymn (H. J. Bagenal); Insurance Advertising (T. F. Aveling-Ginever); The Grandiloquence of Michelangelo (F. W. Sargent); Minister Journalists in Japan (H. W. Yoxall); Letters of Robert Burns (J. De Lancey Ferguson) ... ..	524-526
THE CASE OF REX v. BLAKE. By Kenneth Povey ... ..	526
MR. DEMANT. By Alice Ritchie ... ..	527
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron ... ..	529
GIFTS. Poem by V. H. Friedlaender ... ..	530
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE ATHENÆUM, JULY 23RD, 1828 ... ..	530
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— Borrow's "Celebrated Trials." By Leonard Woolf ... ..	531

### REVIEWS:—

Lejoh Hunt as a Journalist. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart ... ..	532
Dignities on the Films. By A. F. ... ..	532
Poetry ... ..	533
The New Individualism ... ..	534
Origins of the League. By W. A. F. ... ..	536
Burnt Cork ... ..	536
Villon Again ... ..	538
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE ... ..	538
NOVELS IN BRIEF ... ..	538
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS ... ..	538
THE OWNER-DRIVER. By Rayner Roberts ... ..	540
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City ... ..	542

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

**Q**UESTION TIME in the House of Commons on Wednesday produced several statements of unusual interest. Sir Austen Chamberlain announced that he had that morning handed to the United States Chargé d'Affaires the replies of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India, accepting the proposals of the United States for a treaty renouncing war. The replies, he added, would be published on Friday, and he would say nothing as to their contents beforehand. It is strongly rumoured, however, that the Government have declared their right to intervene in any region where danger is threatened to a part of the British Empire. This would be a British "Monroe Doctrine" in an extreme form, and would not only undermine the Kellogg Pact but strike also at the basic principle of the League of Nations. We therefore await the text of the British Note with anxiety. In reply to another question, Sir Austen expressed the Government's sympathy with the German view that the Rhineland should be evacuated before the time limits fixed in the Treaty of Versailles, but added that he did not think he could usefully take the initiative at present. Finally, Mr. Churchill announced that, if the Totalizator Bill becomes law, he will reduce the betting tax from 2 per cent. to 1 per cent. on the course, and from 3½ per cent. to 2 per cent. elsewhere. This will make another gap of £1¼ millions in the Budget estimate, but Mr. Churchill "drys the starting tear" because the estimate would not in any case have been realized. In future years compensation for the concession is to be

sought by doubling the charge for bookmakers' licences; but the intriguing question is: what, with all these concessions, is happening to Mr. Churchill's Budget?

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We are disposed to regard as a favourable sign the delay in the publication of the Report of the Industrial Transference Board. It suggests that the Report contains suggestions for action before which the Government quail. As the Government would certainly quail before even an inadequate policy, this does not take us very far, but, so far as it takes us, it is encouraging. The steady rise in the unemployment figures emphasizes week by week the need for a new approach to the unemployment problem. The Live Register figure now stands at practically a million and a quarter. It exceeds by over 200,000 the corresponding figure of last year.

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Everything else in the proceedings of the Miners' Federation Conference at Llandudno will be overshadowed, for a large section of the Press and public, by the fact that Mr. Herbert Smith was stung, by repeated interruptions, into taking physical part in the ejection of certain Lanarkshire Communists, who persisted in addressing the Conference from the public gallery. Those who appreciate the real gravity of the situation in the coalfields will attach more importance to Mr. Smith's declaration, in his presidential address, that, without prejudice to the campaign for nationalization of the mines, he was heartily in favour of the miners taking part in conferences with employers on the solution of industrial problems. It was clear that

in this declaration Mr. Smith had the large majority of the Conference upon his side. It is no less certain that the very different views of Mr. Cook have a large backing among the rank and file. At the moment, however, the tendency of the Miners' Federation is unmistakably in the direction of moderation, a tendency which is doubtless stimulated by the drop in the Federation membership from nearly a million to 625,000.

The National Council of the French Socialist Party which met on Saturday and Sunday to define the policy to be supported by the French delegates at the forthcoming international Socialist Congress at Brussels, arrived at two quite inconsistent decisions, for a resolution repudiating the foreign policy of the Poincaré Government on every important point was carried by 1,707 mandates against 1,266 and 62 abstentions, and then the Council adopted by 2,129 mandates to 846 another resolution authorizing M. Paul-Boncour to remain a delegate of the Poincaré Government at Geneva on condition that he did nothing inconsistent with the policy just defined. This characteristic absurdity diminishes but does not destroy the significance of the new departure in French politics. For the first time the Socialist Party has definitely separated itself from French official policy, and has declared for the "immediate and unconditional evacuation of the Rhineland," the pacific revision of the Peace Treaties, and, in an indirect and guarded way, against the French system of alliances. What is perhaps even more important, the resolution on policy repudiated the pet principle of the French Government and M. Paul-Boncour that "security" must come before disarmament and declared that "true security" would be obtained by "arbitration and disarmament, combined and controlled." This is a rejection of the fundamental principle of the Geneva Protocol, which was not mentioned in the resolution, whereas a resolution proposed by M. Renaudel, who withdrew it in favour of a more vague formula (rejected by the Council) when he saw that it had no chance of being carried, explicitly committed the party to support of the Protocol. This is an encouraging event, but it remains to be seen whether the French Socialist Party holds to the policy adopted on Sunday, which has caused great perturbation in France. The minority, which was a large one, will be strongly represented at Brussels.

An agreement with regard to the future administration of the Tangier Zone was initialled, on July 17th, by the representatives of France, Spain, Italy, and Great Britain. The necessity for a modification of the Tangier Statute was brought about by the demand of Spain for the incorporation of Tangier in the Spanish Zone in Morocco, and by the demand of Italy to be admitted as a party to the International régime. To the former demand France could not consent; but the present agreement gives to Spain satisfactory guarantees against the possibility of Tangier becoming a base of supply for insurgent forces in the Spanish Zone, or a centre of intrigue against the Spanish Protectorate. The right of Italy, as a leading Mediterranean Power, to participate in the administration of the International Zone, was too clear to be resisted. Diplomatically, the Agreement is a triumph for Sir Austen Chamberlain, who was responsible for suggesting the methods adopted—preliminary Franco-Spanish Conversations, followed by a Four-Power Conference. It is a tribute also to the wisdom of the Spanish Government in receding from an impossible position, to the readiness with which France granted reasonable concessions, and to the moderation of the Italian demands. Whether it will

give the inhabitants of Tangier a better administration, without increasing the burden on the taxpayers, remains to be seen.

The Ministerial crisis in Yugoslavia has been resolved—for the moment. General Hajitch, the Minister of War in the outgoing Government, has accepted office as head of a non-party Cabinet, and apparently hopes for Croat co-operation. The difficulty is that General Hajitch will have the Nettuno Conventions and a new loan on his hands, for both of which he requires the support of the Skuptshina, while the Croats have hitherto insisted on an immediate dissolution. Meanwhile, another Balkan State is in trouble. M. Briatianu has hitherto been unsuccessful in his attempt to contract a stabilization loan, and unless a final effort succeeds, within the next few days, the Roumanian Government is expected to fall. Its natural successor would be one formed from the National Peasant Party, whose programme includes the retention of M. Titulescu as Minister for Foreign Affairs; but the party, though it has dropped Prince Carol, has been coquetting with republicanism, and the Council of Regency may prefer to look elsewhere. The republican movement is not strongly developed, but the Peasant Party's reform programme is meant in earnest, and is backed by threats of a refusal to pay taxes. The Government continues to describe the Alba Julia demonstrations as unimportant; Bukharest remains under martial law, and the Press is muzzled. It is pretty clear that there is plenty of inflammable material about, and any indiscretion on either side might start a serious conflagration.

The death of Signor Giolitti removes a notable figure from Italian politics. A skilful Parliamentarian of the old type, he was a master of the group politics from which Italy was delivered by Fascism—as by the exchange of King Stork for King Log—and he shared the defects as well as the abilities of his school. His great virtue was a sincere love of peace, which he showed plainly so early as 1908, at the time of the annexation of Bosnia-Hertzegovina by Austria. A few years later he was reluctantly dragged into the Tripolitan war with Turkey; but in 1914 he steadfastly refused to allow Italy to be dragged into the European struggle at the heels of her partners of the Triple Alliance, and from revelations subsequently made by him, it became clear that he had prevented an earlier outbreak of war between Austria and Serbia in 1913. His opposition to Italy's entering the war on the side of the Allies in 1915 will be more variously judged. It was at least consistent. In the turbulent years that followed the war he was accused of weakness in dealing with Socialist outbreaks; but it is at least possible that a continuance of his cautious policy would have saved Italy from purchasing internal order by the destruction of her liberties.

On July 17, General Obregon, President-elect of Mexico, was shot dead while attending a banquet at San Angel. At the moment of writing, the motive and significance of the murder are quite obscure. General Obregon's election was the result of an amendment to the Constitution, allowing the election of an ex-President, which was passed with the co-operation of President Calles, and General Obregon's declared policy followed the same Nationalist, radical, and anti-clerical lines as that of the retiring President. His sweeping agrarian reforms, aimed at the break-up of the large estates (which, incidentally established Obregon him-

self as a great landowner), his encouragement of the Labour movement, and his violent hostility to the Roman Catholic Church, raised many enemies against him; but the murder is likely enough to have been one of personal or partisan revenge, for Obregon had long been deeply implicated in the tangle of civil wars and political shootings which make up Mexican politics. The chief danger of his death lies in the fact that Calles is ineligible, even under the amended constitution, for election to a second, consecutive term of office, and all other probable candidates have been effectively eliminated. There is serious danger, therefore, of a disorderly interregnum, inviting or excusing further intervention by the United States.

The report of the Special Commission on the Constitution of Ceylon has now been published as a Blue Book (Cmd. 3131, 3s. 6d.). It is a striking document alike in its summary of the past and its proposals for the future. The Constitution of 1923 was, admittedly, provisional, being intended to bridge the transition from Crown Colony to representative institutions. Its basis was "the divorce of power from responsibility." The official members were in complete executive control, yet in a permanent minority in the Legislature; the unofficial members, having no share, and no hope of a share, in the responsibility for administration, were practically forced into permanent opposition. If they accepted seats on the Executive Council, they had to resign their seats in the Legislature, and incurred the distrust of their followers. Far from forming a training school for Ceylonese politicians, the system, in the view of the Commissioners, has proved an "unqualified failure," for which, they hasten to add, the unofficial members, whose "general ability and keen grasp of affairs" have deeply impressed them, were in no way responsible. Communal representation, another feature of the old Constitution, has proved equally unsuccessful, tending to foster rather than to allay racial and religious bitterness. On the other hand, the Commissioners see no prospect of the emergence of party groupings, such as would render workable Parliamentary institutions on the British model.

What they propose is a single representative State Council, combining legislative and executive power, and consisting of eighty members, of whom sixty-five are to be elected by manhood suffrage without any property qualification or test of literacy (women receiving the vote at the age of thirty), twelve are to be nominated by the Governor to represent minority interests, and three are to be the "Officers of State"—the Chief Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the Treasurer. These Officers will have control over external affairs, defence, the administration of justice and the public service, and the drafting of legislation. All other Departments of Government will be grouped under seven headings. The Council will divide itself into seven executive committees, one for each group, and the chairman of each of these committees will have the status of a Minister, and will be individually responsible for the department assigned to it. In addition, the Chairmen will be collectively responsible for all financial measures. The executive business of Government will be transacted by the committees, and reported to the full Council, in executive session, for confirmation. All legislative measures will be sponsored in legislative session by the chairman of the executive committee at whose instance they were prepared. Powers of veto, relating especially to external affairs, measures prejudicial to the public service, and the protection of minorities, are reserved to the

Governor. The reception of the Report in Ceylon has not been enthusiastic, and it is not easy to grasp at once the full effect of the new scheme; but it deserves the fullest study, as an attempt to adapt representative institutions to local conditions.

The unexpected boldness of the Shanghai Economic Conference of Chinese bankers and merchants has apparently had its effect in the councils of the Kuomintang. The National Financial Conference at Nanking has outlined a programme of financial and administrative reforms which follows closely the lines laid down at Shanghai. The Military Conference of generals has recommended the formation of a national army from the most efficient troops now under arms, and the disbandment of the remainder, with provision for their employment on reconstruction work. This is all to the good, but it is hard to see how either the reforms or the disbandment can be financed until some progress is made with the settlement of outstanding issues between China and the Powers. The sole contribution of the Powers to this solution is the refusal of Italy and Denmark to admit the right of China to denounce the old treaties. France and Japan are understood to take the same line. Except for this insistence on the most galling feature of the old treaties, China, so far as the Powers are concerned, might have ceased to exist. Has Sir Austen Chamberlain forgotten that he once pointed out a better way?

The lock-out in the cotton industry at Nelson, which involved 16,000 operatives and resulted in a loss of £300,000 in wages, has been settled, and work was resumed last Monday. The local Weavers' Association finally accepted the terms agreed upon by their Central Committee at Manchester and the employers' representatives, and also obtained a concession of detail from the manufacturers on the subject of the payment of fines by employees. The terms of settlement provide that the operative whose dismissal led to the strike and consequent lock-out should be found employment at another mill, and not, as the workers at first insisted, at his own mill. These terms are very nearly the same as those proposed at an early stage of the trouble by prominent Nelson citizens, who attempted to mediate between the two sides, and by the central organizations of the workers and the employers, and it is regrettable that the dispute was allowed to continue for seven weeks, owing to the obstinacy of the local Weavers' Association. In all, the operatives' associations paid £100,000 out of their strike funds.

This year's Liberal Summer School will be held at Oxford from Thursday evening, August 2nd, to Thursday, August 9th. The special feature of the School will be a series of debates; one between Mr. Tom Johnston, the Labour M.P., and Mr. J. M. Keynes, on Socialism v. the Liberal Industrial Report; another between Mr. P. J. Hannon, the Conservative M.P., and Mr. Philip Guedalla, on "Which is the Better Way—Conservative or Liberal?"; and a third between Mr. Ramsay Muir and Mr. H. D. Henderson on P.R. v. the Alternative Vote. The School will also be addressed by Sir John Simon on Free Trade, by Lord Grey on Anglo-American Relations, by Sir Maurice Amos on Liberalism in Egypt, by Sir Herbert Samuel on "Patriotism and Peace," and by other leading Liberals. Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary, Liberal Summer Schools, 152, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1. There is no special qualification for membership, but no further enrolments will be accepted after the number has reached one thousand.

## THE SAVIDGE REPORTS

THE solemn humbug which has been exhibited at every turn of the ludicrous Savidge affair has been sustained to the very end. It is particularly evident in the manner in which the two Reports of the Tribunal have been received by respectable Conservative journals. Just as Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers tell us that in deciding between the conflicting testimony of Inspector Collins and Miss Savidge we must remember that the former is a married man with a family who has been commended by judges for his ability and skill upon ninety-three occasions, so do the *Times* and other journals urge us, in deciding between the Report of Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers and that of Mr. Lees Smith, to reflect that lawyers are much better judges of the credibility of evidence than laymen. The anxiety to discredit Mr. Lees Smith's Report has, indeed, been remarkable. The *Times* suggested (by the familiar device of "whatever may be the truth of the rumours . . .") that Mr. Lees Smith had consulted his political colleagues before deciding to write a separate Report, a suggestion which Mr. Lees Smith has promptly and categorically denied. However that may be, the *Times* proceeded, "a Tribunal of two Members of Parliament, of opposite parties, even when presided over by a former judge of the eminence of Sir Eldon Bankes, was hardly an ideal body for this sort of investigation," the suggestion being presumably that a member of the Labour Party could not be free on such a matter from a bias hostile to the police.

Now, if we are to examine in this way the credentials of the Tribunal, it is surely obvious that the Majority were exposed to the greater risk of bias. For example, the Director of Public Prosecutions was one of the persons whose conduct was in question. It would clearly have been a most uncongenial duty for Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers to pass any sort of censure on Sir Archibald Bodkin. Both they and Mr. Lees Smith exonerate him from any charge as regards his general handling of the case, his request for a police-officer to take statements from Miss Savidge and other witnesses, his instructions to Inspector Collins, &c. The Tribunal are agreed that Sir Archibald was merely following here the established practice of his office, though Mr. Lees Smith suggests that the Director of Public Prosecutions should have a staff that will enable him to conduct his inquiries independently of the police in cases where police officers are concerned, while the Majority regard this as outside their province. But the Majority ignore altogether the surely remarkable letter which Sir Archibald addressed to Sir Leo Money's solicitors "insisting" that Sir Leo Money should make a statement to Inspector Collins and threatening "other steps" if he declined to do so. Mr. Lees Smith has done well to reproduce this letter as an Appendix to his Report. He makes the moderate comment that it is "couched in terms unsuitable to the correspondence of a public department." We make allowances for the unfortunate stylistic tradition which renders a certain type of lawyer apparently incapable of ending a letter otherwise than with a threat; but it does not seem to us desirable that this type of lawyer

should hold the position of Director of Public Prosecutions.

So much for Sir Archibald Bodkin. As regards the police, the prepossessions operating on Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers seem likely to have been at least as strong as any operating on Mr. Lees Smith. There would be the same desire that the respectable Conservative newspapers themselves reveal to maintain confidence in the "Force," to stem the tide of distrust which is felt to be growing dangerously high. There would also be a desire, with which we have every sympathy, that Inspector Collins and the other police officers concerned should not be made victims for what are really the faults of a system and a tradition. No, we are certainly not entitled to assume, by reason either of their eminence or their legal training, that Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers are more reliable *rapporteurs* than Mr. Lees Smith. We must consider the two Reports upon their merits. And when we do so, a remarkable contrast is at once apparent. Mr. Lees Smith sets out to weigh the conflicting evidence. He states at length the reasons why he believes Miss Savidge and not Inspector Collins. Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers give no reasons for their finding, or, at least, no reasons other than observations of the type to which we have already referred, *e.g.*, that Inspector Collins is married, has children, and has received the praise of judges. To refrain from giving reasons for your conclusion may be a sound military tradition; but it is not a judicial tradition. Is it unreasonable to infer that Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers give no reasons because they have none to give?

For our part, at any rate, we agree with Mr. Lees Smith in believing, in the main, Miss Savidge's version of what passed between her and Inspector Collins. And we agree with him in his conclusion that "great perils to private citizens and to civil liberty have been revealed by her experience."

On one material point the evidence does not bear out the somewhat sinister impression that was at first conveyed by Mr. Tom Johnston's statement in the House of Commons. The interrogation of Miss Savidge was not characterized by anything that can fitly be described as "third degree" methods. It is clear that, as the Majority say, "she did not, from the time she arrived at Scotland Yard until the time she reached her home after the interrogation was over, give any indication that she was ever distressed, or ill at ease, or exhausted, or that she was in any way objecting to the questions that were being put to her." Mr. Lees Smith agrees that "Miss Savidge's evidence makes it clear that the officers were, on the whole, kind to her." Furthermore, Miss Savidge consented quite readily to go to Scotland Yard. On the other hand, the two Reports are also agreed in condemning the way in which Miss Savidge was approached, the method employed being calculated to conceal from her the fact that her own character might be affected by the results of the interrogation. Sir Eldon Bankes and Mr. Withers differ here from Mr. Lees Smith only in exonerating Inspector Collins and the other officers from blame "because, and only because, they were following what is apparently the established practice at Scotland Yard, a practice

which must be taken to be known and approved of by those in higher authority than themselves."

We do not quarrel with this personal exoneration. On the contrary, we should be disposed to extend it to the charges which the police deny, but which we join with Mr. Lees Smith in believing. What are these charges? Mr. Lees Smith formulates them under two main heads: (1) that the police officers asked Miss Savidge "questions which should not have been asked"; (2) that they forced "certain of Miss Savidge's replies into a mould which represented their desires rather than her own." The second of these categories is, in our view, much the graver of the two. Indeed, we think that the outraged horror with which the House of Commons and the Press received the allegations regarding improper questions and the so-called demonstration was not a little absurd. Miss Savidge, after all, was manifestly a young woman of the world; and impropriety was the subject-matter of the whole interrogation. The chief importance of the conflict of evidence on the complaints under this head lies, in our view, in the fact that while Miss Savidge's account rings true, the police denials are not even plausible.

The charge that the police officers in taking the statement gave a twist to Miss Savidge's answers so as to misrepresent her meaning is a far more serious matter. Mr. Lees Smith sets out four instances in which this is alleged to have occurred, and again inherent plausibility is on the side of Miss Savidge's version. For the most part, the points are subtle ones, which makes it easy to understand that Miss Savidge would not trouble about them when asked to sign the statement after four hours' examination. We must confine ourselves to a single instance, and we select the one which, at first glance, seems the most innocuous of all. Mr. Lees Smith states it as follows:—

"At the proceedings in the police court it was stated by the two constables that Sir Leo Money's clothes were undone in a certain manner. Miss Savidge alleged that in her statement at Scotland Yard, she stated that they were not, but was then hustled by Inspector Collins into saying, 'So far as I know, they were not.' Counsel for Miss Savidge argued that anyone with legal experience would know that the sentence in its last shape would secure the acquittal of the two constables on a charge of perjury."

Now listen to Miss Savidge's account of how she was hustled into agreeing to "so far as I know":—

"Well, you see, he (Inspector Collins) had his back to me, and he said, 'Were they undone?' I said, 'No.' Then he turned round and pointed to me, and said, 'Well, how do you know? He was standing up with his back to you.' And he kind of frightened me and had it put down, 'So far as I know, they were not.'"

Does not every word of this ring true? The putting of the original question with the back turned, as a kind of "demonstration" of the position of Sir Leo Money, the turn round and the extended finger, all this is most unlikely to have been invented. Well, what of it, some may ask; does not this, if true, represent a legitimate testing of Miss Savidge's evidence? No; it represents a presentation of her evidence in a form calculated to deprive it of all value; and it reflects on the good faith with which the police officers conducted the interrogation. No more than the Majority of the Tribunal on the points on which they disapprove of the police action, do we arraign Inspector Collins personally. But

we are deeply suspicious of the "established practice at Scotland Yard" in regard to taking statements.

By stimulating discussion and criticism of our police system, the Savidge affair may do good, for our police system needs both discussion and criticism. None the less, it has been, from first to last, a miserable, discreditable business of which we want no recurrence. How did it arise? We have seen singularly little comment on the ineptitude displayed by the Home Secretary. Why in the name of common sense did he talk portentously in the House of Commons about bringing a charge of perjury against the police officers concerned in the original Money case? Why did he refer the matter officially to the Director of Public Prosecutions? From the very nature of the case, it was clearly unsuitable for a charge of perjury. It was a case of oath against oath, with no possibility of applying circumstantial tests. The only evidence against Sir Leo Money and Miss Savidge was that of the police officers; the only evidence against the police officers was that of Sir Leo Money and Miss Savidge. It should have been obvious from the first (1) that in such circumstances no charge of perjury could reasonably be brought, and (2) that to talk about bringing one and to announce later your inevitable decision not to do so must be calculated to prejudice Sir Leo Money and Miss Savidge in the eyes of the public.

The real moral, in our view, is that cases of the Money type should not be brought at all, that the whole policy of employing plain-clothes policemen to spy out what would otherwise be unnoticed sexual misconduct, whether in the parks or in the streets, is wrong. It is wrong in principle, because morality, as distinct from public decency, is not the business of the State. It gives the police a power to ruin the reputations of individuals, which is obviously capable of being misused for purposes of blackmail. For this policy, which offends every canon of wise statecraft, the Home Secretary again has a special personal responsibility.

## IRRITATION WITH AMERICA

**M**ANY people in America tend to regard all European statesmen—and particularly British statesmen—as subtle, disingenuous, intriguing, Machiavellian diplomatists. We believe this to be a mistaken view of the men who conduct European politics, and we are convinced that it is utterly false with respect to British Cabinet Ministers. The present Foreign Secretary, for instance, is a singularly honest, straightforward, and simple-minded man, who should never be suspected of over-subtlety, though he sometimes gives cause for anxiety by his implicit trust in the sincerity of certain foreign statesmen and the obstinate vanity with which he adheres to his own view despite the clearest evidence that it is not shared by the nation which he represents. When Sir Austen says that he is anxious to take any step which will promote the peace of the world, but that "his Majesty's Government should be careful when undertaking new engagements not to break their old ones," he means literally what he says, and it is a mistake to read any other meaning into his words. It is extremely unfortunate, therefore, that the British Government should have contrived to convey an impression of reluctance and bad temper in their negotiations with the United States over the Kellogg Pact.

We write before the Note which has been handed this week to the American Ambassador is published, and, therefore, without knowledge of any reservations which may have been embodied in it. But whatever the terms of the Note may be, the British Government has missed the chance of adhering to the Pact with alacrity and cordiality; it has given every sign of hesitation and uneasiness; it has

shown a carping, peddling spirit, when a generous enthusiasm was called for; it has so muddled the affair that it must now follow in the wake of Germany and France in signifying its acceptance of the American proposal. Still we do not believe that this is the result of active ill-will. We are inclined, rather, to attribute it to lack of imagination, to a failure to see the psychological importance of the impression conveyed across the Atlantic, to a narrow juridical outlook on international politics, and perhaps also to a certain subconscious irritation with America.

This last factor is certainly revealed in the Home Secretary's astonishing outburst last Saturday:—

"We desire," said Sir William Joynson-Hicks, "to appeal to the great United States, when our signature, in the course of a few weeks, is placed alongside those of the other nations of Europe, and say to them: 'We are signing this Pact at your request, a Pact to end war, and yet we understand that you are increasing your Navy.' I think we are entitled to . . . say to America and the whole world that deeds speak stronger than words."

Some people may say: "That is only 'Jix'"; and, mischievous as we believe the Home Secretary's indiscretions to be in many spheres of public life, it is no doubt true that if a man is sufficiently silly sufficiently often his words and actions will be discounted and thus become less harmful. But Americans cannot be expected to know enough about the personalities of our Ministers to make allowances of this kind, and it would not be unreasonable of them to think that the Foreign Secretary was using his colleague as a mouthpiece for a calculated indiscretion. We do not for a moment believe that that is so, but Sir William is just the man to blurt out in public what his colleagues are saying in the privacy of the Cabinet Chamber, and it is extremely disquieting to suspect that he has given us a glimpse of the private minds of some, at least, of his colleagues. Let us recall a few familiar facts.

Last year the President of the United States summoned a conference of naval Powers to consider the limitation of naval armaments. That conference broke down, and the blame for its failure cannot be laid wholly on either Britain or the United States, but Lord Cecil has told us that in his opinion agreement would have been reached if the British Cabinet had not forced a deadlock on a minor issue. The American Administration then formulated a huge building programme, but this aroused so much opposition in the country that it was cut down by nearly 50 per cent. before it was presented to Congress. In the House of Representatives it was further modified, and it has not yet been passed by the Senate.

It is in the light of this situation that Sir William Joynson-Hicks sees fit to insult the United States by his implied charge of insincerity, and it is with his cheap gibe scribbled, as it were, on the envelope, that America will receive the new British Note, reluctantly agreeing to sign the Pact. Probably Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain are as much annoyed as anybody by the Home Secretary's irresponsible excursions into foreign policy, but it is their business to put a stop to them, and while they fail to do so they cannot complain if he is presumed to be expressing their thoughts. Really it is bad enough to have Sir William Joynson-Hicks making us the laughing-stock of Europe by the fussy ineptitude with which he attempts to improve our morals, but when he embarks upon international affairs, he is a public danger, and it becomes the urgent duty of the Prime Minister to suppress him. Meanwhile, we can only assure our American friends that he is not to be taken seriously, and it is difficult to make that assurance convincing when Sir Austen is obviously sulky at having to sign the Pact at all.

While British Ministers are thus showing a curiously bad grace, M. Briand, with as good a grace as possible, is intimating that France will be charmed to sign the Pact if it is clearly understood that it means nothing at all:—

"Nothing," he writes, "in the new treaty restrains or compromises in any way the right of self-defence. Each nation will always remain free to defend its territory against attack or invasion; it alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defence."

Thus, according to M. Briand, a nation has only to say that its purpose is defensive to free itself from the obligations of the Pact. This is all rather depressing, but fortunately Mr. Kellogg had the wisdom to refuse to embody any reservations in the text of the treaty itself, and neither M. Briand's adroitness nor Sir Austen Chamberlain's pedantry can deprive the Pact of value when it is signed. The ultimate judges of whether its terms have been violated will be, not the State which goes to war, but the public opinion of the world; and we still believe that the Pact, by bringing the United States into line with the League, will prove a real deterrent to the use of war "as an instrument of national policy."

## "PROTECTING" THE ACTOR

By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

THE Actors' Equity Association of the United States is a powerful Trade Union which has lately passed a number of restrictive regulations respecting the employment in that country of alien actors. "Alien" in this instance is tantamount to "British," since it is scarcely contended that players from other countries, especially if they have no language but their own, seriously compete with native players. The endorsement of these regulations by a large assembly of "Equity's" members at the Hotel Astor on May 28th has caused consternation among English actors here and in the United States, and there have been some suggestions, not very authoritatively put forward, that retaliatory regulations should be devised here. Sir Gerald du Maurier was said to be leading a movement with that intention, but he denied the report and affirmed his belief that there should be free trade among artists.

The strength of "Equity" may be gauged from the fact that when an important American actress, Miss Jeanne Eagels, was visited by a fit of temperament and failed to appear in a play, entitled "Her Cardboard Lover," at theatres in Milwaukee and St. Louis, with the result that the other members of the company were thrown out of employment, she was fined two thousand dollars and suspended from membership of the Association for eighteen months, which, since no manager is now permitted to employ any but "Equity" members, meant that she was prohibited from earning her livelihood for that period. Miss Eagels appealed against this fierce but salutary sentence, and her appeal is at present under the consideration of a specially appointed Committee. Managers who have failed in circumspection have been brought very promptly to heel by the threat of a complete withdrawal from their theatres of their companies; and the range of "Equity's" power will be evident to readers of THE NATION when I state that it recently compelled a West End manager to alter his attitude toward some of its members who are employed by him here in London. A similar Trade Union, the Dramatists' League, has drafted a Basic Agreement for writers which is considered by some authorities here to be restrictive in its effects on the production of plays by alien authors in the United States. This body actually imposes its regulations upon the Canadian theatre, so that we have the peculiar spectacle of a foreign Trade Union limiting the activities of British dramatists in a British Dominion! "Equity" appears to believe that it has acted with great self-restraint in not extending its regulations to the control of the theatre in Canada. The foregoing statements will indicate what the strength of "Equity" is, although it has to be added that some observers are of opinion that in this matter of alien regulation, "Equity" has "bitten off more than it can chew."

The attempt to restrict the activities of alien actors in the United States is not new, although efforts have been made to persuade people that the newly enacted regulations are merely retaliation for what was done to a young American actress, Miss Alden Gay, who was debarred by the Ministry of Labour from acting for one week at the "Q" theatre in London. As long ago as 1889 there was a movement to limit the number of alien actors in New York, and the agitation has continued ever since. Miss Gay's experience in London was used to inflame opinion and to enable the officials of "Equity" to carry out their proposals. This young lady, excited, no doubt, as so many of her compatriots have been, by the fortune which has followed Miss Tallulah Bankhead since she arrived, unknown, in this country five or six years ago, came to England to try her luck. She obtained a small part in a piece, called "Married Bachelors," which was to be performed at a small, suburban, "try-out" theatre called the "Q." The Ministry of Labour declined to allow her to appear in the play on two grounds: (a) that sufficient effort had not been made to engage a British actress for this part, and (b) that the salary offered to her was uneconomic. No one appears to have inquired whether there would have been any indignation in the Ministry of Labour if an uneconomic salary had been offered to a British actress. Miss Gay, therefore, was prevented from earning two or three pounds in a play which seems not to have been heard of after its brief performance at "Q." The news was cabled to New York, and immediately the entire membership of the Actors' Equity Association was flung into a ferment of anger against this outrageous attempt to prevent an American girl from earning her living, as a hotheaded contributor to the *BILLBOARD*, an American theatrical magazine, asserted "three thousand miles from home." Distance, apparently, increased the injustice of the act. Miss Gay returned to her home, and became the storm-centre of a violent agitation.

The Council of "Equity," whose members included two English actors, one of them being Mr. George Arliss, drew up a series of regulations, which are as follows:—

1. Equity will not interfere with the entry of complete companies of alien actors who shall come, play, and leave as units.
2. Before their arrival Equity shall receive the name of the production and cast; if a repertory company, all the plays they intend to present. Upon their arrival these companies will join Equity.
3. Any individual alien may enter under contract for a particular part in a specified play and may remain for the duration of its run. At its expiration he must return to his native country, or remain inactive for six months.
4. Alien actors who shall have played one hundred weeks in this country between January 1st, 1923, and January 1st, 1928, are to be considered resident actors. Time prior to January 1st, 1923, or time played in unit companies is not to be counted.
5. These regulations are to apply in the future whether alien actors enter under the quota or not.
6. Those alien actors who have already come in under the quota are to be considered resident actors. Those alien actors who are not here under the quota, and who, on November 1st, 1928, have not been here two years, shall be suspended by Equity until they re-enter under the above conditions. The same applies to alien actors who have overstayed their permits.
7. It will require a special meeting of the Council, or a notice in writing to all Councillors, to change these rulings in any specified instance.
8. The Council will proceed, forthwith, to formulate the rules and regulations to make these rulings effective.

These regulations were passed at the Hotel Astor Meeting and are to come into force in November of this year. They are mild in comparison with the regulations that were proposed by extremists in the Association who were anxious to prevent any alien actor from being em-

ployed in the United States for a longer period than eight weeks. They also attempted, but without success, to secure that no actor who was not a citizen of the United States should be eligible for any office in the Association or even be allowed to vote on its affairs, although every alien actor, immediately on arrival in New York, is compelled to join the Association and to pay very heavy fees before he is allowed to act at all. Some of the extremists were anxious to relieve the alien actor from this compulsion. They wished to debar him from membership of "Equity" altogether, but not, as might seem, for any philanthropic purpose. The intention was to prevent him from working in America since no actor who was not a member of "Equity" could obtain any employment there. The situation now is that no actor can enter the United States, except under contract. According to an editorial article in the English theatrical paper, the *STAGE*, "If the individual English actor goes out under contract for a particular part in a specified play he may remain for the duration of the run of the play, but must then either leave the United States or not perform in them for a period of six months dating from the end of the run." That is to say, if an actor goes to New York to perform in a play which "flops" in a fortnight, he may not take another job unless he first of all returns to his own country or can maintain himself in idleness in the United States for twenty-six weeks. Alien actors, resident in the United States, are exempt from this condition if, during the period from January 1st, 1923, to January 1st, 1928, they have acted for a gross period of one hundred weeks in that country. A slight modification of the regulation allows them to add any period of performance during those five years on to any period of performance in preceding years to make up the gross of a hundred, but if an actor has acted in the United States for ten years prior to January 1st, 1928, without becoming a citizen, and has not acted at any period between that date and January 1st, 1928, he is subject to the same restrictions as an actor who goes out for the first time after next November.

These regulations, it is to be noted, are not Governmental regulations: they are regulations made by a Trade Union over and above the ordinary Immigration Laws of the United States. Whether they have any legal force is a moot matter, and a combination of managers might make them abortive; but the indications are that they will operate, at all events for a time. They have not been well received in the United States. Practically the entire Press of New York has condemned them, but although the officials of "Equity" were dashed by this condemnation, the proposals were passed, despite the caution which was cabled to the meeting by Mr. John Emerson, the President, who was then in London. He assured the members of the Association that the reports of restrictions on American actors in England were grossly exaggerated, and that a considerable number of American actors, at least four hundred of them, were being employed in English theatres. The number, he added, was increasing. About a third of the plays then being performed in London were American plays. At Drury Lane, for the third time in succession, an American musical piece has been produced, with a cast including a large number of American actors. Miss Emma Haig and Miss Louise Brown are the leading ladies at the Palace. Miss Edith Day is the leading lady at Drury Lane. Miss Peggy O'Neil is leading lady at the Lyceum. Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mr. Laddie Cliff, and Mr. Ernest Truex have been acting in London for several years and are popular favourites. Mr. Joseph Coyne has been in London for so long a period that we regard him as an English actor. Mr. Hartley Power

replaced Mr. Robert Loraine in "The Man Who Changed His Name," and was chosen to play the lead in the play which followed it, "The Squeaker." Miss Frances Carson and Miss Claudette Colbert and other American players took part in "The Barker," and, in pieces such as "This Year of Grace," the speciality dancing is nearly always done by American teams. Mr. John Barrymore, Miss Jane Cowl, Miss Pauline Lord, Miss Laurette Taylor, Miss Doris Keane, Miss Florence Mills, Miss Willette Kershaw, Miss Adele Astaire and her brother Fred, and many other brilliant actors and actresses have come here, without let or hindrance, and acted for long periods in our theatres; and we have been all the better for their appearance.

It is said that British actors go to New York and accept lower salaries than are demanded by American players, but no evidence of this is offered, and, surely, if it be true, the remedy is to insist on some standardization of payment? The truth is that the British actor is very popular in America. He has a polish which is rare among American actors, and he can be cast for parts which the majority of American actors are incapable of playing. In what are called "straight" parts or in parts in social comedies, the average American actor, who is exceedingly good at "character" parts, is lost. The hope seems to be that if employment is made difficult for British actors in America, fewer of them will seek a living there and the native player will, therefore, be preferred. But that has yet to be proved. It is an odd notion that incompetent workmen must be protected against those who know their job, and the queerest of all notions is that an artistic enterprise can be promoted by restricting work in it to those who, in free competition, would not be employed at all. The managers have said very little, if, indeed, they have said anything, and it is possible that there may be developments in November of which "Equity" has not yet taken thought. It is well, however, to keep in mind that no Trade Union of actors in this country, as has been alleged by "Equity," has sought to restrict the employment of alien actors in England, and that the regulation which prevented Miss Alden Gay from working at "Q" was part of the general law restricting alien labour of all sorts, passed at a time when we had two millions of unemployed persons on our hands after the collapse of trade which followed the trade boom in 1920. Our law was not directed against actors, but against all alien labour, and it has never, at its most restrictive, prevented any alien actor from entering this country under contract and seeking for fresh employment when his first job ended.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH TRAINING COMMITTEE

THE great development of scientific research in economics and sociology along modern lines which has characterized the past decade, and is apparently going forward with increasing momentum, has made obvious a shortage of highly trained men to conduct the work. A lack of trained men is felt, not only in the field of research, here perhaps more than abroad, but also in the staffs of instruction of the Universities.

The importance of realistic study in economic and social science is now generally recognized; so, too, is the urgency of the need for collecting and investigating quantitative data, whether statistical, or relating to the action of groups or the interaction of economic and sociological phenomena, which may be examined by sample investigation or by comprehensive methods of observation, and may or may not be capable of numerically accurate measurement.

With the object of providing such realistic study, and in order to assist and encourage young men to take up this work, and the Universities to provide added facilities for their training, the Social Science Research Training Committee has been formed with membership as follows: Sir Josiah Stamp (Chairman), Mr. W. T. Layton, Mr. H. D. Henderson, the Rt. Hon. R. McKenna, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. J. C. Cobb, Mr. C. E. R. Sherrington (Secretary).

The Committee is broadly empowered to encourage and assist in any way the scientific development of Economics and Sociology, although it is the intention to make a main purpose of its work additions to the initial funds entrusted by interested persons to the Committee's administration, and distribution of such funds in the form of scholarships to selected graduates of British Universities who desire to undertake post-graduate work and especially fit themselves for research and intensive investigation, or for teaching positions in this field. In addition to the pecuniary aid, it is hoped and expected that the award of a Scholarship by the Committee will be of material value to the recipient in opening opportunities for future work.

A further object of the Committee is to encourage similarity of method and terminology in different branches of social science in the several Universities, in order to secure the advantages of interchangeability and comparability in the results of research work.

In furtherance of this idea, and with an appreciation of the fact that the problems are becoming increasingly important internationally, an American has been appointed to the Committee with the expectation that a similar Committee will be formed in the United States to which will be appointed a British member of this Committee. In the event of a similar Committee being formed in any other country, this Committee has power to increase its number to provide for a similar joint exchange of membership.

It is expected ordinarily to award Scholarships to Students seeking a post-graduate degree, and it is not the intention of the Committee to pass judgment on the work done, leaving entirely to the University under which it is conducted the evaluation of the work of the Student and its significance for the degree sought, but the Committee requests that there be filed with it a copy of the thesis or report of the work of a Student holding a Scholarship, to enable the Committee to follow the results accomplished as a guide in its future work.

As an initial step the Committee hereby offers five Scholarships to promote the study of economic problems to which the statistical method of investigation is applicable, open to graduates of British Universities who intend to work at least two years for an advanced degree. Each Scholarship is fixed at £120, payable £60 each year for two years, and may be held simultaneously with scholarships of any other kind.

Applications must be made through a Professor or Head of Department of a British University, stating the nature of the work contemplated and the training and qualifications of the candidate.

As it is the purpose of the Committee to endeavour to encourage candidates with special qualifications for careful, methodical work, combined with ability to state a problem clearly and to analyze and interpret data, greater weight will be attached to the possession of these qualifications than to the nature or importance of the problem chosen for investigation.

Applications, marked "Social Science Research," should be made before September 1st, 1928, to the Secretary to the Committee, Mr. C. E. R. Sherrington, M.C., M.A., "Byways," Queens Road, Belmont, Surrey, who will be pleased to give any further information desired.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE is, I am aware, a certain monotony in returning week after week to Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

The truth is that no commentator, scanning the rather dull field of politics for something salient each week could keep his pen off him. It is impossible to keep pace with his indiscretions. What can one say about his glaring ineptitude over the Kellogg Peace Pact? It is incredible, or would be, coming from any politician but "Jix" with his genius for silliness. This country has been seriously compromised by the inexplicable delay of Sir Austen in frankly accepting the terms of the revised Treaty. There is at last, as I write, the promise that we are not to lag much longer behind Germany and France. This is the moment chosen by the egregious "Jix" to level what is nothing less than an accusation of hypocrisy against the United States. If his words mean anything, they mean that we should press America to reduce her Navy as the price for our signing the Pact. This, addressed by a member of a Government which continues to pile up the armaments bill, to a Government which, as even "Jix" ought to know, has recently cut down projected expenditure on her Navy in a very remarkable way. The danger is that public opinion in the United States may not know the precise degree of unimportance to be attached to "Jix" and his casual absurdities. Up to a point "Jix" is a joke. Beyond it he is a dangerous nuisance.

Last Saturday I timed a Buckinghamshire walk to end at Waddesdon. I entered Mr. Rothschild's park just as Mr. Lloyd George began his speech to some thousands of countryfolk, who were cheerfully sizzling in the heat wave. The cheers that greeted him were in the circumstances a remarkable tribute to the valour of their Liberalism. I mean by this merely that the vigorous enthusiasm was a triumph over the drooping languor of the day. I was struck by the efficiency with which these Saturday rallies are managed. The loud-speakers, if that is their name, the trumpets that carry the orator's voice over great distances, have revolutionized the technique of political propaganda by open-air meetings. Instead of shouting to exhaustion, the speaker may now talk quietly into a microphone, and the trumpets bellow his words far and wide. When Mr. Lloyd George had finished, I wandered up the hill to see the elegant chateau and its fine gardens, and I was pursued for half a mile or more by scraps of Liberalism. I fled into the wood, but Lord Reading's resonant voice was there before me, mingling with the songs of the birds. There must be something wrong with the news of the death of Liberalism when it is possible to collect some four thousand people from the villages of mid-Bucks to hear even so renowned a personage as Mr. Lloyd George on a fine Saturday afternoon. The county is historically a nursery of Liberals, and apparently the family is not dying out. I found it a refreshing change from the cynicism of political London, this country festival where Liberalism seemed a very human and light-hearted affair.

Everyone feels it to be a misfortune that the Committee of Inquiry in the Savidge Case failed to agree upon their verdict. The majority whitewashed the police; Mr. Lees Smith believed Miss Savidge. Still, there is sufficient common ground in the two reports on the point of main importance. Both agree in effect that police officers have no business to take a girl against whom no charge is made to Scotland Yard and there to subject her to a long examination without witnesses. Apart from the Committee and its agreements and disagreements, the average person regards this kind of thing as an intolerable inter-

ference with liberty. People feel instinctively that unless it is stopped no one is safe from police bullying, and while the Home Secretary has, of course, gleefully accepted the majority's "Not guilty" verdict as regards the conduct of the impugned officers, everyone hopes that the police have had such a fright that they will be careful in future. I have been surprised when looking at Continental papers, and talking to foreign correspondents here, to find how keen is the interest with which the Savidge case is being followed abroad. There is, I think, a trace of envy in the comment made on the case in France and in America, for instance. It is recognized that the immediate revolt in the House of Commons and in the Press against the Scotland Yard methods of examination means that the old British spirit of liberty and the hatred of police aggrandisement are still very much alive. In some foreign countries one could name, the battle has been definitely lost: no one would dream of challenging far more tyrannical behaviour on the part of the police. It is not so here, happily, as yet; and the tendency of our police to copy undesirable foreign methods, has, we all hope, received a decisive check.

The apathy, due to the lack of any unmistakable crisis at the moment was reflected in the two latest by-elections. This indifference, in the vast electorates of to-day, is a real danger. It increases the chance that some senseless "slogan," raised by a party in difficulties on the eve of the General Election, may sweep the country. When some genuine political issue divides men's minds, and choice is forced upon everyone, there is some security against attacks of fever or panic (engineered either in cunning or wantonness). The powerful and growing sect of tariffists in the Tory Party are hoping to coerce Mr. Baldwin into another election on Protection, their calculation being, of course, that anxiety over the state of the big industries will cause a weary or careless turning to tariffs as a desperate remedy. The Tories know that some effective cry must be found. The Halifax election showed an enormous Liberal-Labour majority—a Radical majority—against the Government. The figures can only be interpreted as an effort to strike a violent blow at Toryism. The loss of the seat to Labour was hardly surprising in view of the long-continued lapse of Liberal propaganda in the place, and the change in the character of the electorate since the war. The apathy in the Sheffield election was extraordinary; and all the parties slumped badly, the Tories by over six thousand votes. In Sheffield the Tories have what they have always had, a most efficient organization; while the Liberals have never recovered from Coalitionism. It is noteworthy that the Tory candidate boldly and apparently successfully appealed for a mandate to press the Government to extend Safeguarding to iron and steel—the "slogan" of the Protectionists in their effort to recapture the party before the General Election.

Throughout the brilliant days of this week, when a finer edge seems to be put on one's zest in life, I have been unable to get out of mind something I read last week in a great Northern paper. One often hears the complacent boast that in these days no one in England ever dies for want of food. We all like to believe that this is true. I think I did myself before I read a tragic analysis of the causes of the abnormally high infantile mortality in the town of Haydock in Lancashire in the year 1927. In that year, children of less than one year died there at the rate of 113 per thousand births, or about double the average for the country. So striking is the rate that the Health Ministry is holding a special inquiry. According to this article in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, these infants died simply and solely because they and their mothers did not

get enough to eat. Haydock depends entirely on the coal-pits. In 1926, the year of the stoppage, the workers were plunged into hopeless debt; and in the following year they were paying off the debts accumulated from 1926, usually out of the miserable Poor Law allowances, sometimes out of the earnings of the two or three days' work that was possible at the reopened pits: the arrears of rent being deducted from wages. Hence the slaughter of the babies of Haydock, due to what the Medical Officer calls "general malnutrition of mothers and children." I make no attempt to moralize on the case of Haydock. It is, I think, salutary for us all to be forced to take in these simple and appalling facts.

I hope the Broadcasting Corporation will not allow itself to be hustled by silly season grumblers in the evening papers into vulgarizing their programmes to suit a low standard of entertainment. They have an extremely difficult task in satisfying all varieties of reasonable taste, and I think that on the whole they succeed very well. Correspondents are assailing them for a variety of reasons, mostly bad. Long experience has convinced me that the people who write to the popular Press are distinctly below the average intelligence of the community. The writer of one typical letter abused the B.B.C. for circulating news which is to be found in the evening paper. Is it possible that anyone can be so stupid as to miss the elementary fact that the news service is chiefly intended for people beyond the range of evening papers: the villages and so on? Many correspondents make a dead set at the talks, which, I should say myself, are one of the most satisfactory features of the programmes. For one thing, the human voice comes over the ether better than any kind of noise, musical or otherwise. Take the programme of the day on which I am writing. There has been an organ recital from a cathedral; some delicious flute and 'cello music, both instruments that transmit with little loss; some jolly Mozart trifles on the piano; and an amusing talk on new books from Mr. Francis Birrell; and if all these things are to be considered high-brow, there is a generous dose of variety and musical comedy for the evening hours. (I have forgotten a whimsical effort in praise of the Lyons railway bridges by Mr. E. M. Forster.) I call that an intelligently balanced programme, from which each of the various elevations of "brow" can choose something entertaining. Many critics will only be satisfied with the wireless when it caters for people entirely browless.

The news of the death of Austin Harrison put me looking through the early numbers of the *ENGLISH REVIEW*, which I have preserved for their altogether notable excellence. No monthly magazine in any time reached a higher level of literary merit, or brought forward a larger number of first-rate critics and imaginative writers in prose and verse. One remembers the pleasure of discovering Masfield's long novels in verse, "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street"; Norman Douglas, then hardly known, wrote constantly; indeed the *ENGLISH* in those days was a feast of good things. Harrison was a good editor, but an eccentric rather than a good writer. His style had a sort of epileptic vigour; he wrote always at the top of his voice, and he was usually incoherent with indignation about something—it did not seem to matter what. He was a violent patriot, and denounced Germany long before the war. The book on Woman which he published a few years ago was an extraordinary farrago of wild and whirling notions, and quite unreadable, by me at all events. There was interesting stuff in his accounts of his father, that enthusiastic Victorian, and exacting parent.

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### JUSTICE IN THE POLICE COURT

SIR,—In your admirable leading article, for which all lovers of liberty will thank you, you refer to many matters connected with the police system which call for revision and reform. May I, as possessing first-hand knowledge, lay upon the minds and hearts of your readers the fact that the police system exhibits some of its worst features in *Police Courts*?

As a militant suffragist I had occasion to defend myself in the Criminal and Civil Law Courts and in the Court of Quarter Sessions and in the Police Courts. My experience was that every facility was extended in the former three courts to the defence in the presentation of the case. I found them to be Courts of Justice in fact as well as in name.

In the Police Courts, on the contrary, the defence had no chance at all. The prosecution did all the talking. Everybody, including the police themselves, knew that only the police would be believed. Arrest and delivery of sentence were sequences of one and the same process.

I make no accusation against the police as individuals; on the contrary, I believe that as a body they are as honourable as any class in the community. But I accuse the system, by the tradition of which the police are bound.

My experience, which I know can be corroborated by others, is that sworn evidence in the witness-box is too often a Police Court convention for getting the arrest of a prisoner confirmed without loss of time.

I am of the opinion, as a result of what I have seen and heard and experienced, that in the tacit tradition of the system, the lie in the witness-box, like the lie across the salesman's counter or the lie of the horse-dealer at a fair, is *morally no lie at all*. It is merely a convention without which the particular game cannot properly be played.

As suffragettes we had no grievances. As a matter of policy we never challenged the statements of a police witness. But in the police cells and in prison, and in countless other ways, we have burned over the helpless and hopeless case of the undefended prisoner. There is no reason why the Court of the Poor should not become a Court of Justice in the sense that all other Courts are. Uncorroborated police evidence should not be considered as the voice of impersonal truth. In my opinion there should be a Public Defender as well as a Public Prosecutor.

The irresponsible power of the police over the poor is such as no body of people, however honourable, should be entrusted to exercise.—Yours, etc.,

EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

11, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.  
July 15th, 1928.

### "PERSONAL LIBERTY"

SIR,—Your article on the above subject ably expresses the opinion of a great many lawyers.

One incident in the Pace Case seems hitherto to have escaped Press criticism, but to many of us it was the worst feature of all.

That was the calling by the Crown of a child of nine to give evidence against his own mother in order to help put the rope round her neck. It would be idle to deny precedent for such a course. There is the "leading case" against that other tragic widow—the Widow Capet alias Marie Antoinette de France—where her child of similar age was called against her. The effect in the Pace Case of so inhuman and unnatural a procedure was, of course, to render the prisoner's acquittal a certainty. Under English law a husband cannot be called to give evidence against his wife. Why should a child of tender years not be in the like position with regard to his mother? Is not the relation of mother and child at least as sacred as that of husband and wife?—Yours, &c.,

W. J. WENHAM.

5, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1.  
July 17th, 1928.

### THE SAVIDGE INQUIRY

SIR,—An important point has been overlooked in the discussion of the Savidge inquiry. Having practised both branches of the legal profession for a number of years in Canada, I beg to say that it was most improper to appoint a practising solicitor to sit on a Commission of Inquiry along with an eminent judge. Unless the solicitor had amazing force of character, he was certain to acquiesce in the views of the judge on technical matters such as the credibility of evidence. The natural subservience of a solicitor to a judge would be enough to bring this about. Besides, a solicitor would certainly injure his professional prestige by publicly taking the side of a layman against a judge on a question of evidence.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. KERR.

### HAVE THE LAITY INTERFERED IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH?

SIR,—Lord Halifax, the late President of the English Church Union, has publicly stated that the verdict of Parliament as given on June 14th is "an unwarrantable piece of interference in the domestic affairs of the Church." Surely his Lordship has attempted to put the boot on the wrong leg, for it was the Bishops, and not the State, who took the initiative in introducing a book of devotion which, if accepted by Parliament, would have completely changed the doctrines of our Church. They asserted at the time that such was not the case, but some of the ablest lawyers in England, among whom was the present Lord Chancellor, and also Sir John Simon, not to mention the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General, differed from them very strongly, and on legal matters these men are of far greater authority than Bishops. The State was in reality defending the laity of this country from an attempt of the ultra-clerical body to introduce doctrines which were rejected at the time of the Reformation over three hundred years ago.

It must never be forgotten that so long as we remain an Established Church it is the State, and not the Church, that controls the purse. The State is paying nearly £7,000,000 per annum to the clergy of this country to teach and to preach certain doctrines which are in accordance with the Old Prayer Book. The State is in the position of Trustees and Executors to administer the financial resources of our country, and a certain portion is set apart for the worship of God, but not a penny of that amount comes out of the taxes of the people. The Bishops, assisted by Convocation, and by a body of laymen, most of whom are very clerical minded, have the power of advising the State, but they have no power to change our laws. It is ridiculous to talk about Erastianism, for so long as the existing connection is maintained between Church and State, the laity, who hold the purse strings, would be betraying their trust if they handed over their authority to a clerical body. Nothing but disestablishment can ever abolish Erastianism, which is but another term for the co-operation of the laity. Such a great fundamental change as would have been brought about by the proposed Prayer Book being accepted, is one which affects not only Episcopalians but every Free Churchman in the country, so that the question raised is not a mere domestic affair. Far from attempting to interfere with the affairs of the Church, it was the clerical party that wanted to interfere with the rights of the laity, and to change the doctrines for which many of our ancestors died.—Yours, &c.,

SETON CHURCHILL.

### "ON GOING AGAIN TO CHURCH"

SIR,—Is it part of the settled policy of THE NATION to print articles reflecting unpleasantly on the beliefs and practices of ordinary Christian folk? I begin to fear it is; and at the moment is illustrated by an article in the current issue "On Going Again to Church"—a compound of bad humour, bad argument, and bad manners.

Here are specimens of the humour: They remembered "that tweed skirts and plus fours are not yet consistent with worship and piety"; "the rooks and choir boys stopped at the words 'sheep of His hand' to see who had arrived;

"in due course I . . . stood uneasily in a veritable traffic-jam of hassocks about my feet"; "the congregation, like rabbits interrupted at breakfast time, had returned to their rations."

But his seriousness is still more terrible. In two sentences he re-edits the New Testament and places the Apostle Paul in his proper place outside the pale of those who commend themselves to the "youth and beauty of England." Paul's "rigid formulæ," his "fanaticism," his "introspection," his "suspicion," his "dismal forebodings," his "misogynism" make "an unpleasant personality." Was ever question so begged before in the interests of the "youth and beauty of England" forsooth.

Having drawn his hurried pen through a great part of the New Testament, it is the merest bagatelle to proceed to gut the Hymn Book. He holds up to contempt the first verse of a solemn hymn of Cowper's, wrung from the terrible battlings of that sensitive and distraught soul as if this were the usual thing in church. Unlike your contributor, I attend public worship regularly—and it is many, many years since I heard a congregation sing that hymn. What, however, puzzles me is his preference for Newman and MacLagan. How long can you draw on their "refined and inspired poetry"? There are two, possibly three, of Newman's hymns and four of MacLagan's in use. Of these, under no circumstances would your contributor use one of MacLagan's, and this reduces us to six—enough perhaps for one service, but rather thin fare for more.

I do not deal with the remainder of the article, as the author does not tell us what the Church ought to scrap, as Harley Street has scrapped its "stuffed crocodiles."

In the previous issue of THE NATION, your art critic treated us to an account of "The Garden of Eden," which he found in a German town, and whose chief recommendations were that you could sit in the public parks till after midnight and drink "interminable glasses of beer."

It was not surprising to hear that a man with such notions of Eden should commit himself to the incredible statement that anything that is lacking in British morals is due to the moral uprising in the middle of the nineteenth century. Puritanism, according to this modern gospel, creates what it abhors. Let Mr. Roger Fry apply this doctrine in the domain of art and see where he will land himself. He has this puritan bee-in-the-bonnet to such an extent that he seemed to think it had something to do with the failure (so far) to secure the amenities of the Foundling Hospital for the public.

I end, however, as I began—Where is THE NATION in all this?—Yours, &c.,

W. FINNEMORE.

2, Charles Road,  
Handsworth, Birmingham.

July 8th, 1928.

[It is part of the settled policy of THE NATION to provide a forum for the frank discussion of all our institutions.—ED., THE NATION.]

### COWPER'S HYMN

SIR,—I have just read in THE NATION for July 7th an article on "Going Again to Church," by Mr. William C. Searle. There is much in the article with which I agree, but as regards Cowper's Hymn, which seems to have caused him much distress, may I mention two facts respecting that terrible verse which I think are of some interest? I was once visiting a dying sailor man in a slum of Ipswich, and I repeated that hymn to him. I shall never forget the sudden gleam of joy and relief that came into his face as I said the words. My reason for trying the hymn on him was, as far as I can remember, that when my father was dying that was the hymn he made us repeat to him over and over again. There must be something in the imagery that, at any rate for an older generation, supplied some deep and heartfelt need.

May not the writings of St. Paul also, which Mr. Searle so sincerely desires "the Church to start weeding from the New Testament," hold some meaning which only the deeper experiences and tragic facts of life can reveal?—Yours, &c.,

H. J. BAGENAL.

Wimbledon.  
July 13th, 1928.

## INSURANCE ADVERTISING

SIR,—Being responsible for one of the advertisements appearing in your Life Assurance Supplement (although this advertisement is not referred to by Mr. Nixon in his letter), I cannot let Mr. Nixon's criticisms pass without some defence of advertising generally, and Assurance advertising in particular.

Mr. Nixon is particularly caustic in his criticism of an annuity advertisement. In effect, he says: "Look at the catch in it." Mr. Nixon asks why a Life Assurance Company does not explicitly state that there are disadvantages to an annuity; that there are disadvantages to certain forms of Life Assurance. Surely it is fairly obvious that any business or trade will advertise the advantages it has to offer, and will not lay stress upon the disadvantages of its proposition.

I might draw an analogy between the tobacco that Mr. Nixon smokes and Life Assurance. On the label of Mr. Nixon's particular brand, it doubtless advertises that the tobacco is rich, cool smoking, mellow, delightful, or any other phrase favoured by tobacco manufacturers; but it does not go on to say that this tobacco contains a virulent poison called nicotine, and that if you smoke too much of it you will make yourself very ill, and may even die from its effects. Why, then, should Mr. Nixon be so contemptuous of a Life Assurance Office which states the truth when it says: "An annuity produces over 10 per cent. per annum on the capital invested"—and does not go on to say that: "Of course, the higher the yield, the greater the risk. If you die, your capital disappears and nothing is left for your widow"? It does not even go on to suggest that there are such policies as Joint Annuity Policies, whereby should the first annuitant die, the annuity is continued to the survivor; although this particular office does issue those policies. Such an addition would override Mr. Nixon's objection—but space is limited and *precious*! To tell the whole true story in one advertisement would be impossible, and advertisers of Life Assurance must, perforce, leave a little to the intelligence of the readers. Does Mr. Nixon suggest that readers of *THE NATION* are not able to judge the merits and demerits of the various forms of Assurance offered them in its advertising columns?

Life Assurance advertising is the least exaggerated of any appearing in the Press to-day. I would invite Mr. Nixon's attention to the advertising of the Hire Purchase Firms, in which, undoubtedly, the truth is strained to almost breaking point.

Truth in advertising is one of its fundamental principles, but, with Mr. Chadband I would ask—"What is trewth?"—Yours, &c.,

T. F. AVELING-GINEVER,

Managing Director, A. G. Agency, Ltd.

22, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.3.

July 14th, 1928.

## THE GRANDILOQUENCE OF MICHELANGELO

SIR,—I had always conceived the extract from the letter by Michelangelo, quoted by Mr. Roger Fry in his notice of Signor Venturi's book (June 16th) as having been written in an ironical strain at a time when he must have been chafing under the instability of his successive patrons, who were always setting him on to new works without allowing him time to finish those already commissioned.

It was they who were grandiloquent, and, for me at least, the phrase "crying for mercy" can only refer to the artist's bitter sense of disillusion.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. SARGANT.

23, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

## MINISTER JOURNALISTS IN JAPAN

SIR,—In an interview (published by *DAI NIPPON YUBENKWA*, Kodansha, Tokyo) the "magazine king of Japan," Seiji Noma, describes the great care with which he appraises the scale of payments to be made to contributors,

in accordance with their reputation, ability, the length of time they have been writing for his papers, and other factors.

"For contributions," he concludes, "made by Ministers of State and prominent business men . . . we may not pay in cash, but will express our appreciation in some more fitting form." Perhaps if English publishers would adopt the same system some of Mr. Baldwin's troubles with his journalist-Ministers might be modified.—Yours, &c.,

H. W. YOXALL.

July 12th, 1928.

## LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS

SIR,—I am engaged in preparing a new edition of the letters of Robert Burns, re-edited from the original manuscripts. If owners of such originals will write to me in care of the Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4, I shall be most grateful, and shall be glad to arrange to visit their collections in order to do the necessary collating.—Yours, &c.,

J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON.

Royal Hotel, Glasgow.

July 14th, 1928.

## THE CASE OF REX v. BLAKE

IT may seem that the centenary of Blake's death was too profusely celebrated last year to leave many gaps in his biography. Yet a vast amount of patience and ingenuity has been lavished on the desperate task of expounding his mythological system, while a number of crucial events in his mere human existence still remain in obscurity. Even the famous trial for uttering seditious words and assaulting a soldier is represented in most of the books on Blake as little more than an unfortunate episode, or else its significance is distorted by the triply erroneous notion that he was tried for his life on a baseless charge of high treason. But the truth about this trial is essential to a right understanding of his subsequent prophesying, and it is not likely to be arrived at if the facts are mixed up with reflections on his narrow escape from martyrdom.

Blake's trial is in itself only a minor example of the political prosecutions that were being undertaken all over the country in that time of invasion scares and hysterical fear of revolution. But owing to its biographical interest, a great deal of information about it has been published in various places, including the soldier's account of the quarrel which gave rise to it, Blake's own "Memorandum of Refutation," a letter in which he gives his own version of the incident, the indictments, and a shorthand report of his counsel's opening speech. A thorough analysis of all these documents, eked out by a very moderate amount of private judgment, leaves little room for doubt as to what really happened.

On August 12th, 1803, Blake had a dispute with John Scofield, a private in Captain Leathes's troop of the First Dragoons, then quartered at Felpham. How it originated we do not know, but in the course of it Blake very unwisely expressed the opinion that if Bonaparte landed in England he would be master of Europe in an hour's time, and every Englishman would then have to choose between having his throat cut and joining the French; Scofield's ambiguous Information further alleges that he said:—

"that he was a strong man, and would certainly begin to cut throats, and the strongest man must conquer—that he damned the King of England—his country and his subjects, that his soldiers were all slaves, and all the poor people in general—that his wife then came up and said to him, this is nothing to you at present, but that the King of England would run himself so far into

the fire that he might get himself out again, and although she was but a woman, she would fight as long as she had a drop of blood in her."

It is not clear from this rigmarole whether what Blake really said amounted to "Bonaparte does not care a damn for the King of England," or "Damn your talk about King and Country." But Scofield, being naturally truculent and stupid, was filled with indignation at this exclusive reliance on the Navy, and in the heat of it, he thought Blake had said "Damn the King" as his own personal sentiment. He therefore went at once to report the affair to his captain. But the captain, perhaps not thinking much of Scofield's story as it then stood, but unwilling to damp his patriotic zeal too suddenly, put him off by sending him to Blake's patron Hayley, the leading inhabitant of Felp-ham, whom he probably supposed to be a magistrate, and told Scofield to go and let the Blakes know what Hayley had to say about them.

It seems as though the trouble might have ended at this, for when Scofield went to Blake's cottage, he had another message to deliver, perhaps as a pretext for going there and patching up some sort of peace. He went to tell William, the ostler at the "Fox," who happened to be working in Blake's garden, that he could not help him as he had promised. But Blake saw him and came out, and overheard him make an offensive remark, whereupon he ordered him off the premises. Scofield refused to go, and as he persisted, Blake (who was less than five foot six) took him by the elbows and pushed him through the gate and fifty yards down the road to his quarters at the inn; he all the time endeavouring to turn round and strike Blake, and raging and cursing loudly enough to bring several neighbours on the scene.

The lady next door, a miller's wife called Mrs. Haynes, was the first to come out after Mrs. Blake, and she followed the disputants to the door of the "Fox," as did William the ostler-gardener. There they found Scofield's comrade Private Cock, Mrs. Grinder, the landlord's wife, and several other people. Grinder himself came out to see what the matter was, and hearing the soldiers' abusive threats, he persuaded them to go into the tap-room. There Scofield offered to knock the ostler's eyes out, because he refused to go to Chichester with him to swear he had heard Blake use seditious words; and he told Mrs. Grinder it would be as well to have Blake's house searched for treasonable plans of the country, for was he not a military painter?—he had evidently heard Blake called a miniature painter, but he was not strong at verbatim reporting.

Next day Scofield was saying he would be revenged and would have Blake hanged if he could, and two days later he went to Chichester and swore an information against him, alleging for safety's sake that he had said, "Damn the King" on three separate occasions. As a result of this information, a warrant was issued against Blake, and he appeared next morning before the county magistrates at Chichester. He took the ostler with him to swear he had heard no word of sedition, but Scofield had on his side Private Cock, who testified to hearing Blake say "Damn the King" at the door of the inn. On this evidence he was committed to Quarter Sessions and released on bail.

At the West Sussex Sessions held at Petworth on October 4th, 1808, two bills of indictment were preferred against him, for uttering seditious words and for assaulting John Scofield, the seditious words now being made a little more intelligible and horrifying than in the original deposition. The Grand Jury returned true bills, Blake pleaded not guilty, and entered into recognizances for his appearance at the next sessions; it was then the custom in most places to prefer the bill of indictment at one sessions and to try the case at the next.

Samuel Rose, an able young Scotsman, was briefed as counsel for Blake. The defence was a very good one, provided the soldier's perjury could be exposed, for neither Blake himself as prisoner nor his wife could at that time be called as a witness by either side; therefore Scofield's report of the original conversation was useless to the prosecution for lack of corroboration, and only the quarrel in the garden and at the inn was to be reckoned with.

The trial took place at the next Sessions, held for this turn in the Guildhall at Chichester on January 10th and 11th, 1804, the Duke of Richmond presiding. After dealing with various cases ranging in turpitude from stealing a muslin cap-string to obstructing the press-gang, they came to Blake's, the last and most serious of all. Rose's line of defence was to deny that the alleged words were ever uttered. He suggested that the charge was a fabrication for the purpose of answering some private scheme of revenge, and made a great point of attacking Scofield's credit through his admission in the witness-box that he had been reduced to the ranks for drunkenness; Blake, purified and ennobled by the practice of the fine arts, was held up as a foil to this degraded being who dared to accuse him of disloyalty. It appears from his speech that both soldiers had given themselves away rather badly under cross-examination, for Scofield had admitted that nothing seditious was uttered outside the garden, whereas Cock swore that Blake had said "Damn the King" at the inn. But if he had said it in the garden, the ostler must have heard it, for the garden was only ten yards square, and Scofield had innocently agreed that they were talking rather highly. On the other hand, if the king-damning had taken place at the inn, Mrs. Grinder and several other people must have heard it too.

It is strange that such a charge should ever have been proceeded with, and what the prosecution made of it is not known. It is, however, on record that the Treasury counsel displayed "art and malevolence" in his conduct of the case, and that the jury were less impressed by Rose's florid speech than by the evidence of Mrs. Haynes, the miller's wife, who shrewdly observed that when two people quarrelled they always repeated the matter in dispute to the bystanders, and Scofield had said nothing about sedition in her presence. At last, after a very long hearing, Blake was acquitted on both indictments, "which," says the local paper, "so gratified the auditory that the Court was, in defiance of all decency, thrown into an uproar by their noisy exultations." But one can only guess what would have happened if anyone besides Blake's wife and Scofield had heard what he really did say about Bonaparte's prospects.

KENNETH POVEY.

## MR. DEMANT

THE office-boy of the PALKSVAAL EVENING ADVERTISER, a pop-eyed youth with clumsy hands, was dusting the Editor's room. He wiped the backs of the books and polished, with the same rag, a glass which stood with a bottle behind one of them. Every now and then he ran back into his cubby-hole, which was simply a section of the passage between the Editor's room and the printing press with a shelf full of newspapers still in their wrappers and a stool below a photograph of Phyllis Dare cut from a magazine, to fiddle with and minutely rearrange a bunch of grapes on a dinner-plate. Breathing hard through his mouth, he removed, along with some of the bloom, a tiny spider's web. The telephone rang, he made a despairing noise and hurried to it, waving his large-jointed hands, but the lady secretary came steering in and got there first.

She explained into the telephone that the Editor was expected at any minute. The foreman printer arrived, wiping his hands on a dirty bit of rag, the business manager, a smart young man in a brown suit, appeared in the other doorway.

"Where's Demant?" he asked.

"Just what I want to know, Mr. Redders," said the printer.

"Demant's like an old woman with his flowers," said Redders. "Three vases chock-full, good Lor'! and it's nearly twelve."

The fat young lady secretary smiled appeasingly, the foreman printer finished rubbing his thumb, and said, "Well, I don't know I'm sure," the telephone rang again, and they heard a step in the passage. The door opened, the Editor, clad all in white, carrying a bunch of dahlias, stood dramatically on the threshold.

"Feed ye my sheep," he said, in a splendid deep voice, smiling down on them. Redders, who had been quite important and perky a moment before, shrank and shrank, until he was just a little scrubby young man, merged in with the rest, smiling as they smiled, nervously and delightedly.

The Editor laid his flowers down on the table.

"Now then," he said, "what do you all want? Go along with you, you Redders, get out, and you, Perkins, I don't know what you have got to say and I don't want to. What are you mouthing about, Thomson? O, the telephone—'ullo, 'ullo, gone, thank God! Well, Thomson, make yourself scarce, too."

Redders and Perkins, the efficient pair, went out together.

"Mr. Demant, sir, 'e's a one," said Perkins, helplessly.

"I've been trying to see him for a week," said Redders. "Sometime or other he'll have to listen to me. Blowing off a leader, that's his idea of running the paper, and when the crash comes, as mark you it will —"

"God forbid, Mr. Redders, it would break his heart."

The Secretary remained in the Editor's room. It was her terrifying and ecstatic hour.

"Now, Miss Van Der Merwe, ready?" he said. "The Devil seize and fly away with the man who invented this chin-strap!" He took off his pith helmet and mopped his head. "May I take off my jacket? The heat is a revelation—Kabul Town is sun and dust, Kabul Town, oh yes, undoubtedly, Kabul Town will go to hell." He strode up and down the room, a fine figure of a man, but running to fat. Without warning, he started to orate. Miss Van Der Merwe scribbled frantically.

"... but with all due deference to our friends of the backveld . . . render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's . . . cowardly and criminal attempts on the lives of his Majesty's subjects . . . dastardly dynamitards. . . ." Only a rich booming reached Thomson on his stool between the washstand and the shelf. He quivered in response. He could not get on with his work, he could not do anything but feebly wave a hand at a fly which buzzed over the plate of grapes. He could not think at all.

Presently the noise stopped. Mr. Demant came out carrying his helmet in one hand, in the other, by its extreme tip, Thomson's duster. Thomson slid to his feet, Mr. Demant flipped the duster over his shoulder.

"Don't let me see it, Thomson," he said. "I don't ask you to get a clean one, or anything of the sort, but don't let me see it, above all on a Monday morning."

Then he rolled away through the blazing heat to the Grand Hotel on the other side of the Square. Thomson, his faculties restored, unpacked a piece of bread and bacon and

six small golden peaches and began to eat, watching the life of the Square. Mr. Sammy Geldstein, the rich tobaccoist, went for his tram, old Maas, who lived in a piano case behind Bennet's store, came moseying along, poking with his stick for cigarette ends, keeping an eye lifted on the chance of a drink; two dogs met, smelt each other and parted, a Kaffir in English trousers swaggered along the pavement, a Kaffir in nothing much threw a stick at the baker's cat; music burst from the café next door, drowning the noise of Miss Van Der Merwe's typewriter, merging with the rattle of the printing press. Thomson took it all in, without speculation, but with such a complete identification of mood that Mr. Demant's return took him by surprise.

There was a storm; he had not put the dahlias in water, he had not pulled down the blinds, he had not opened the newspapers. Mr. Demant said: "The devil dye thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

Thomson took the scolding and ran about clattering the blinds, spilling water, pattering back and forth between the room and the passage. He put himself to sleep every night by saving Mr. Demant's life from a python or a lion. Such magnanimity in love has no connection with routine virtues. He was not unhappy.

Mr. Demant went to sleep in his armchair. His massive chin sank on his chest. He had a magnificent head.

It was hotter than ever, but he slept for nearly an hour while Thomson fiddled peacefully with newspapers. Then the telephone rang and Mr. Demant bellowed. Thomson ran to him and held the instrument against his mouth and ear so that he spoke into it without moving, but he could not sleep again, he shifted his head, swore, and at last rolled to his feet. Thomson judged this to be the moment for his offering. He bore in the plate of grapes.

Mr. Demant was standing in the middle of the room staring at the proclamation of Edward VII.'s accession which he had had framed and hung on the wall, and which it was his pride to declaim to friends in a single breath. The King existed for him as a person, claiming a personal loyalty, but in the dead afternoon air he could summon no plummy or fiery inspiration—by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith, the tremendous words—but it was no use, no poetry came. He sighed, and looked through his bright flowers, seeing the spoilt years of his life. He turned darkly at the sound of the door.

"For you, sir," said Thomson, trembling, "I got them out at my aunt's place yesterday."

"Good God, Thomson," said Mr. Demant, "you have an optimistic conception of the state of my stomach. And so you thought the old man might like a grape, did you? Put 'em down on the table. Where are the damned shears? Cut me off one or two."

Thomson chopped off a small bunch, Mr. Demant ate a grape. Yes, he was eating one of the grapes Thomson had brought. He ate another.

"Too meaty," he said, "not like the little purple fellows you get at the Cape. Ah, my God, the Cape! Ever been there, Thomson?"

"No, sir," said Thomson, grinning.

"Never seen the sea!" said Mr. Demant, turning for the first time his dark bloodshot eyes on Thomson, who quivered under the direct ray, but returned a glance of such adoration that even Mr. Demant in his heavy melancholy remarked it. He smiled, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah well," he said, "you've missed nothing. Being a boy is nice, anywhere, and being a man is hell, anywhere, Thomson."

ALICE RITCHIE.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

IT is a habit of my generation to deplore the decay of the old music-hall. It should perhaps be remembered that we were a little younger in our enthusiasms in the days when the Tivoli offered such a rare and continuous feast of enjoyment—but I was able last week to revive some of the old thrills at the Victoria Palace. This, as far as I know, is the only music-hall in London which still is faithful to the old standard and its old name. Here was that incomparable fool Harry Weldon still asking us whether there had been anybody on doing any conjuring tricks or singing a song about a policeman. Here, too, was a newcomer to me, though not to the great public, Gracie Fields, who, in her command of her audience, in her mastery of burlesque, in the graciousness of her personality, ranks already very nearly in the same class as the adorable Vesta Tilley. But with her great gifts why cannot she bestow them on better material? If she had a song half as good as "Here's jolly good luck to the girl who loves a soldier!"—but she hasn't.

"Paul Among the Jews," as given by the Stage Society, was a dreary business. The acting was for the most part indifferent, the production feeble, and the translation wretched. The play is the work of a prominent Austrian writer, but I cannot believe that even in the original it is very effective. There is too little action, too much undramatic dialogue. It is difficult to write plays, especially in English, on Scriptural subjects. The translators of the Authorized Version had a genius for language. They made St. Paul speak with the tongues of angels. And we are accordingly shocked when he is presented to us talking a Wardour Street jargon. It was foolish of the translator not to make him use plain modern English. The best performances were given by Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn as the Roman procurator, and Mr. Michael Watts as an exorcist, with a very authentic Jewish accent indistinguishable from Mr. Ernest Milton's. A bright idea, that—almost the only one in the production. Really the amount of wasted effort expended by the play-producing societies is distressing. The actors work hard for little or no pay, but the results from an artistic point of view are usually worthless. I think there are two principal reasons for this. The first is that there are very few good producers in England, and these ambitious plays require great imagination in the producer. (When Mr. Komisarjevsky produced for the Stage Society, the results were always interesting.) The second reason is that those responsible for the choice of the plays seem to think that if a play obviously could not have a commercial success, it must possess artistic merit. The Stage Society and Three Hundred Club (which are now amalgamated) seem particularly fond of plays about Jews. Last season they gave us Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "David," which was just as bad as "Paul Among the Jews." Dare one recommend to them, Schalem Asch's "God of Vengeance"? It is about Jews, but not about Scriptural characters. It could never be given in an ordinary theatre, not because it is boring, but because the Censor would never pass it. It is a play that acts extremely well. But it would require a producer with both experience and imagination.

Do young play-goers, nowadays, I wonder, pick up their programmes with that thrill of pleasurable anticipation which we used to feel, at reading the names not of the stars, but of those good serviceable actors who were to support them, who never failed to give us value for our money? Do they turn round to each other as we used to do and say of some modern actress, "She's in the cast—that's good enough for us, whatever the play"? Miss Lottie Venne was of this select band. It mattered little what the play was she was engaged upon, there was always her genial bustling personality to be depended on, as full of winsome tricks as a spaniel pup who can, by the mere movement of a paw, reveal all the hidden humours of a bone or a biscuit. For myself I can never think of her dissociated from those long kid gloves, once fashionable, which were always, in her case, unbuttoned at the critical moment. Like all true comic actors, she was never funnier than when she was

exhibiting some minor distress of this kind. Make her, for example, "late for the Duchess," and you could lie back in your seat and laugh throughout an act at her pathetic misadventures. It was her fate to live through a period which glorified that abominable young person the *ingénue*. At the present time there would have been a theatre assured for her, as certainly as the Criterion is Miss Marie Tempest's if and whenever she will play to us.

"The Gods Go A-Begging," the latest "novelty" of the Russian Ballet, was a curious irruption in a season of unusual boldness and brilliance. The music by Handel is, it goes without saying, lovely, and whatever faults some people may find with Sir Thomas Beecham, he is a better conductor than most of those who do service for the Ballet. The décor and choreography, however, seemed to me almost totally devoid of interest, and it is difficult to know to whom they are meant to appeal. It is to be deplored that the charming "Ode" has disappeared from the programme to make way for the "Gods Go A-Begging."

A large exhibition of Contemporary French Art has recently been opened at the Leicester Galleries, containing examples of the work of most of the leading French painters of the present day. The examples on the whole, however, are rather disappointing, and by no means representative of the best of which these artists are capable. An exception to this is Bonnard, whose "Liseuse" is a very beautiful early work: his "Dans le Potager" is a good example of his ingenious use of colour. Apart from these, "Rue de Norvins et la Sacré Cœur," by Utrillo, "Paysage au Toit Rouge," by Matisse, and "Femmes sur un Banc," by Vuillard, are worthy of mention. Picasso's little "Clown et Singe" is a pleasing, but not very remarkable, picture, and there is a large number of those extremely competent, but rather dull, pictures, lacking life and spontaneity, by followers of Braque, Picasso, Derain, Segonzac, and other masters, with which every gallery in Paris abounds. Among a number of drawings there are some interesting ones by Segonzac, Matisse, and Rouault, and a quite unnecessary number by Forain; there is also some sculpture by Maillol.

The chief interest of the exhibition of paintings and water-colours of Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco, by M. Marius Hubert-Robert (at the Alpine Club Gallery) is descriptive and topographical. He is a painter of great technical skill and remarkable competence, and represents very effectively, in hot sunshine or bright moonlight, the landscapes, architecture, and inhabitants of North Africa. A map of these districts is printed at the back of the catalogue, which, in conjunction with the pictures, may be of use to intending tourists.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Sunday, July 22nd.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "Escape from Home," South Place, 11.

Monday, July 23rd.—

Maidstone Cricket Week, Kent v. Derbyshire (July 23rd-25th).

Performance by the Maidstone Dramatic Society of "Lord Richard in the Pantry," Maidstone.

Wednesday, July 25th.—

British-American Women's Crusade, Demonstration in support of the American Peace Proposals, Queen's Hall, 8.

Thursday, July 26th.—

League of Nations Union, Oxford Summer School, Balliol College (July 26th-August 2nd).

O.U.D.S. in "Escape" and "Where the Cross is Made."

"Thunder in the Air," adapted by Mr. Richard Pryce from Mr. Christopher Morley's novel, at the Arts Theatre.

Maidstone Cricket Week, Kent v. Lancashire (July 26th-28th).

Friday, July 27th.—

"Contraband," by Mr. Noel Doon and Mr. Warren Fawcett, at the Princes Theatre.

OMICRON.

## GIFTS

WHEN God perceives a man who would not care  
To have the gift of tongues or love or healing,  
A man who has no wish to do or dare,  
For science no regard, for art no feeling;  
A man whose soul knows neither heaven nor hell,  
Whose heart is empty both of milk and honey—  
When God sees this, He says to Gabriel,  
"Give the poor fellow lots and lots of money."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE ATHENÆUM, JULY 23RD, 1828.

MR. ROBERTSON

The aeronaut, ascended in a balloon on the 22nd of June last, at Berlin, in the presence of the King and the Royal Family.

He rose to the height of *three thousand feet*, when he let loose pigeons, and threw away flags and placards. He effected his descent at the distance of two miles from the city.

This day is published, by James Cawthorn, Cockspur-Street, THE BEAUTIES of DON JUAN, including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real fame of Lord Byron, and inscribed, with profound respect, to his Lordship's Sister.

"This is a very captivating volume, with all the impurities of Don Juan expurgated, and yet displaying a galaxy of splendour round the memory of Lord Byron. It may with perfect propriety be put into female hands, from which the levities and pruriencies of the entire Poem too justly excluded it, in spite of all its charm of genius."—LITERARY GAZETTE, July, 1828.

## London Amusements.

## MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.  
FORTUNE. Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.

SHOWBOAT.  
MISCHIEF

LONDON PAVILION. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30. THIS YEAR OF GRACE

## OPERAS.

LYRIC THEATRE, Hammersmith. Riverside 3012.  
EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.  
"LOVE IN A VILLAGE."  
An 18th century Comic Opera, by Bickerstaffe.

## THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.) NIGHTLY, at 8.15.  
Matinees, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2.30.  
"PLUNDER." A New Farce, by Ben Travers.  
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COURT (Sloane 5137.) FOR FOUR WEEKS ONLY.  
EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATS., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.  
"THE FARMER'S WIFE."  
By EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

DRURY LANE. (Ger. 2587.) 8.15 precisely. Wed., Sat., 2.30 precisely.  
"SHOW BOAT." A New Musical Play.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Thurs., 2.30. (Smoking.)  
"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."  
MIMI CRAWFORD. MORRIS HARVEY. THREE NEW YORKERS.  
"A REAL REVUE."—Daily Mirror.

FORTUNE. (Regent 1307.) "MISCHIEF."  
A New Comedy by Ben Travers.  
ALLAN JEAYES and YVONNE ARNAUD.  
Nightly, at 8.30. Matinees, Thursday & Saturday, at 2.30.

CAIETY. (Ger. 2870.) EVGS., at 8.30. MATINEE, WED., at 2.15.  
RUSSELL JANNEY'S Musical Production.  
"MARJOLAINE."  
LILIAN DAVIES. OSCAR ASCHE.

GATE THEATRE STUDIO, 16a, Villiers Street, Strand. Chancery 7263.  
"SIX STOKERS WHO OWN THE BLOOMIN' EARTH."  
Nightly at 9. Annual Subscription, 5s. 6d. Apply Secretary.

## THEATRES.

HIPPODROME, London. EVENINGS, at 8.15. Gerrard 0650  
MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."

JACK BUCHANAN. ELSIE RANDOLPH.  
Kate Cutler, Vera Pearce, and Debroy Somers' Band.

KINGSWAY (Holb. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.  
JEAN CADELL in  
"MARIGOLD." (Now in its 2nd year.)

PALLADIUM. (Ger. 1004.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Tues. and Thurs., 2.15.  
"THE YELLOW MASK." EDGAR WALLACE'S Musical Play.  
PHYLLIS DARE. MALCOLM KEEN. BOBBY HOWES.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 2690.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.  
BARRY JACKSON presents  
"BIRD IN HAND."  
A New Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Gerr. 1243 & 3416.) FAY COMPTON.  
"OTHER MEN'S WIVES." By Walter Hackett.  
Evenings, at 8.30. Matinees, Tuesday and Friday, at 2.30.

SAVOY Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Mon., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.  
"YOUNG WOODEY."  
FRANK LAWTON. KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

WYNDHAM'S. (Reg. 3028.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., WED. & FRI., 2.30.  
LEON M. LION presents (for 2 weeks only)  
"JUSTICE." By John Galsworthy.  
LEON M. LION, LAWRENCE HANRAY, MARY GREW.

## CINEMAS.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)  
DAILY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, New Programme, 6 to 10.30.)  
July 23rd, 24th and 25th. CHESTER CONKLIN in "TELL IT TO SWEENEY;"  
"THE GARDEN OF YOUTH," with famous Continental Artists.  
July 26th, 27th and 28th. JACK MULHALL in "THE POOR NUT"; Donald  
Keith in "THE CRUISE OF THE HELLION"; also ALBERT DE COUR-  
VILLE'S WHIRLWIND REVUETTE.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

### BORROW'S "CELEBRATED TRIALS"

**B**ORROW'S "Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence from the Earliest Records to the Year 1825," was published in six volumes in 1825. In Chapter XXXIII. of "Lavengro," Borrow tells the story of his dinner in Tavistock Square with the publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, and how Sir Richard commissioned him to compile the "Trials":—

"Yes, sir," said the publisher, "Newgate lives and trials; and now, sir, I will briefly state to you the services which I expect you to perform, and the terms which I am willing to grant. I expect you, sir, to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain by no manner of means less than one thousand pages; the remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books, papers, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation."

Borrow completed the work in less than a year. He confesses that he enjoyed it better than any of the other hack-work which he did at this period of his life, and he adds that, as he read over "the lives of these robbers and pick-pockets, strange doubts began to arise in my mind about virtue and crime."

\* \* \*

Mr. Jonathan Cape now publishes a selection of thirty-three of the trials under the title "Celebrated Trials," first compiled and edited by George Borrow, and now newly revised and edited by Edward Hale Bierstadt (2 vols., 50s.). The actual work done by Borrow in the compilation is a matter of dispute. His name is not mentioned anywhere in the original edition, and the preface is almost certainly by Sir Richard Phillips. Mr. Bierstadt professes to detect Borrow's pen here and there in the compilation, and says that, "when it can be discerned it gives a new vitality to the original text." On the other hand, Dr. Knapp, Borrow's biographer, is convinced that Borrow did nothing but use the scissors, and that he "wrote nothing, not even the Introductions, which are brimful of the ideas and style of his sulphurous chief and patron." Mr. Clement Shorter, when he edited the complete works of Borrow five years ago, agreed with Dr. Knapp and omitted the "Trials" from the edition as being "entirely a compilation from already published sources."

\* \* \*

There cannot be the slightest doubt that very few, if any, of the thousands of words in the six volumes were written by Borrow himself. The text is almost entirely composed of contemporary verbatim reports of the evidence, interspersed with narrative which, from internal evidence, could not possibly have been written in 1824. Nevertheless these two volumes were well worth publishing. Borrow was an extraordinarily good selector, and his compilation is infinitely better than the dozens of "famous crimes" books which have been published in recent years. Beginning with the trial of Mary Queen of Scots in 1586, it ends with that of Thurtell and Hunt for the murder of Mr. Weare in 1824, and it gives one a strange, law-court panorama of English life through nearly three centuries. It also makes one share Borrow's "strange doubts about virtue and crime." It is difficult to stop reading these

volumes. The language, particularly in the State trials, is often superb; the drama is tremendous and played out nobly on a magnificent stage; the strokes of character are often brilliant. Yet the book leaves one with a feeling of great discomfort. There are stories here of brutal and stupid crime, but the accused men and women, who are nearly always condemned and executed, drawn, quartered, beheaded, or hanged, according to the fashion of the age, are, one feels over and over again, not the real villains of the piece. "Handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?" One has been brought up to believe in the majesty and impartiality of the Law, of the tradition of British justice administered by British Judges. From that point of view, "Celebrated Trials" is a sorry record, particularly where politics enter in and stage a State trial. The first volume is an almost continuous series of judicial murders, in which the judges are the instruments of the Executive and seem never to have heard of the duty "to do justly and to love mercy." There is Sir Walter Raleigh judicially murdered by Lord Chief Justice of England Popham. Nothing could be more dramatic than the report of this case in which the magnificence of Raleigh confronts the meanness of Popham, the brutality of the King's Attorney, Sir Edward Coke, and the shiftiness of Cecil. There is the trial of John Twyn, printer, in the reign of Charles II., for printing the book "A Treatise of the Execution of Justice," which begins with Lord Chief Justice Hyde saying:—

"God Almighty is present here, looks down, and beholds what we do here; and we shall answer severely if we do any wrong. . . . But for this horrid crime (I will hope in charity you are not guilty of it, but if you are), it is the most abominable and barbarous treason that ever I heard of, or any man else. The very title of the book (if there were no more) is as perfectly treason as possibly can be . . .";

and which ends with Lord Chief Justice Hyde delivering the sentence (subsequently executed "before an amazing concourse of people"):

"That you be led back to the place from whence you came, and from thence to be drawn upon an hurdle to the place of execution and there shall be hanged by the neck, and being alive, shall be cut down, and your privy-members shall be cut off, your entrails shall be taken out of your body, and you living, the same to be burnt before your eyes."

There are the three innocent men condemned for the murder of Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey by Lord Chief Justice Scroggs in 1678; Lord William Russell, almost certainly innocent, condemned by the Lord Chief Justice and executed in 1683; there is the trial of Dame Alice Lisle, "old and infirm and hard of hearing," at the Bloody Assizes before Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, which ended with her execution in the market place of Winchester. It is true that, as Professor Trevelyan points out in his "England under the Stuarts," with regard to the trials of innocent Catholics, the accused often lose one chance after another of establishing their innocence owing to the lack of understanding of the nature of evidence. But this is not always the case, as may be seen in the trial of Raleigh.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## LEIGH HUNT AS A JOURNALIST

**Leigh Hunt's "Examiner" Examined.** By EDMUND BLUNDEN.  
(Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.)

**Shelley—Leigh Hunt.** Edited with an Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (Ingpen & Grant. 12s. 6d.)

LEIGH HUNT is one of those men whom it is dangerously easy to underrate, both as a writer and as a man. We are too apt to remember his one-sided money dealings with Shelley and his more or less deplorable influence on Keats, too apt to forget his quite genuine zeal for the causes that lay nearest to Shelley's flaming heart, and to leave unacknowledged the debt which all lovers of Keats owe to the first of their tribe. Even if we eliminate the Skimpole caricature, there remains the image of a rather shabby, superficial, fantastic creature, a fellow of facile arduous and grandiose gestures, who was often incapable of distinguishing between a blue sky and a ceiling painted sky-blue, and for whom roses bloomed chiefly upon wallpaper.

That this image is not a true one discerning critics have long since perceived, and when Mr. Edmund Blunden's full-dress biography reaches completion we may hope that tardy justice will be done, not only to the delightful, if intermittent, poetical faculty which immortalized Cleopatra's laughter and Jenny's kiss, but also to those personal qualities in Hunt that endeared him to Shelley, though they remained imperceptible to Byron. In the interim Mr. Blunden gives us what he describes as "an outgrowth" from the larger work. His real hero is not so much the editor of the *EXAMINER* as the *EXAMINER* itself. In this carefully documented study he traces the career of that journal, depicts its outward aspects, analyses and interprets its spirit and purpose, and re-creates the conditions which brought it into being, with all the sustained enthusiasm of a chronicler who has a living entity for his theme. Perhaps the most intrinsically interesting chapter is that devoted to Lamb's collaboration during the year 1819, but the whole book is full of good things for which the pious student of social and literary history is bound to give thanks.

It is mainly with Hunt in his beloved rôles of journalist, reviewer, and rebel that Mr. Blunden is concerned. Mr. Brimley Johnson considers him first as the friend, the critic, the defender, and the occasional inspirer of Shelley. Though the angle of approach is slightly different, there are inevitable points of contact between the two books. Hunt's reviews of the most important of Shelley's poems, and of some of Keats's, are reprinted in both, and it is a timely resuscitation. How pleasant it is to hear Mr. Hunt "conceding" to the *QUARTERLY* that Mr. Shelley's poetry is "apt to be a little too wilful and gratuitous in its metaphors," and "not hesitating" to pronounce the Chapman sonnet "excellent," in spite of "a little vagueness in calling the regions of poetry 'the realms of gold'!" Another happy retrieval is the text of the article wherein the famous and fatal "Fat Adonis" phrase first appeared. By a not uncommon trick of perspective, the contemporaries of the Prince Regent were unable to see him as what he was—a huge and slightly vulgar joke. To Hunt and his band of brothers he was an object to be hammered without truce. Yet, incidentally, this "Fat Adonis" affair may serve as a counterpoise to the Skimpole figment. Nobody who recalls the interview between that artless lover of art and Sir Leicester Dedlock could doubt for one moment that in Mr. Harold Skimpole the Prince Regent and the Royal Pavilion would have found as sincere an admirer as they did in Mr. Turveydrop.

The political articles selected by Mr. Brimley Johnson are intended to illustrate the impact of Hunt's journalistic exploits upon Shelley's sensitive mind. Most readers, however, will turn with greater interest to the batch of unpublished letters forming the Epilogue. The first, from Shelley to Hogg, was written at Pisa in the autumn of 1821, and there we see the poet, an unquiet spirit already half-detached from earthly things, wandering "about the edges of the hills" with his books. He says, in words which his future biographers are unlikely to forget, "I have employed Greek in large doses, and I consider it the only sure remedy for diseases of the mind." Other letters in this small but not unimportant *trouvaille* are from the widowed Mary Shelley

to Byron and to Hunt, and to Hunt from Hogg and from Trelawny, all written shortly after Shelley's death. The last page of the diary of Marianne Hunt is also given. The date of one entry—November 9th, 1822—contrasts queerly with its purport. "I have been particularly visited by Mr. Shelley to-day; he always seems to look placidly and steadfastly at me, with an air of waiting." This refers, explains Mr. Brimley Johnson, to "a spirit which she thought she had seen." One hazards the guess that Mrs. Hunt's ghostly visitant had hardly a more aloof and insubstantial aspect than had the living Shelley wandering "about the edges of the hills" at Pisa only a short year before.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

## DIGNITIES ON THE FILMS

**The Looking-Glass of Lambeth.** By THE UNKNOWN LAYMAN.  
(Philip Allan. 5s.)

SOME years ago, after a visit to England, Bishop Phillips Brooks wrote: "The Bishops are not very wise nor very clever; but they think they are. And they very much enjoy being Bishops." This—says the Unknown Layman—is still true. "The Looking-Glass of Lambeth" is a series of film portraits, superficial but lifelike, of certain prominent Anglican dignitaries. The title is happily chosen.

As M. Brousson has shown us Anatole France *en Pantoufles*, the "Layman" shows us the Bishops *en Déshabille*. He is outspoken, but not malicious. And a touch of caricature—*ridentem dicere verum*—does no one harm.

"The Bishop is not a popular figure." It would be truer to say that, outside the little world of ecclesiasticism, he is not a well-known one; that of late years the Bishops as a body have lost influence and prestige. There is only one of the present Bishops who can be regarded as a leader of thought, even of religious thought; and it is perhaps neither necessary nor desirable that they should be so. But in an age of inquiry what seems to be a calculated abstention from thought leaves an impression of a certain want of candour, which is even less to be desired. An irrepressible Tractarian of the forties got tired of hearing the then Archbishop of Canterbury described as Venerable and Moderate. "If any man be called either Venerable or Moderate," he said, "distrust him. But, if both, be sure he is a scoundrel." The Archbishop was not a scoundrel; he was an excellent man. But he was both venerable and moderate. He was also an Archbishop, while Ward was a doctrinaire dogmatist; and the two temperaments do not mix. A Bishop, and *a fortiori* an Archbishop, is an official first and foremost: the present Primate, in particular, is (to borrow a Presbyterian term) a Moderator born.

"It would be untrue to say that he is a time-server. It is the exact truth to say that he is a time-observer. One of his most obvious qualities is his capacity shrewdly to observe and accurately to estimate current events."

Do not expect to find in him the *perfidum ingenium* of his countrymen: it belongs to another type of Scotsman than his. And it would be out of place in an Archbishop: the Prophet whom Mr. Sheppard wishes to see at Lambeth would inevitably steer the ship upon the rocks. He is sincere; but he is also astute, and curiously indefinite. It is difficult to tie him down to any categorical statement: there is always "a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." What he says to-day he would certainly not have said yesterday; and what he said yesterday he will certainly not say to-day. Why? Because, he would probably tell you, to-day is not yesterday. Well, it is not. And the first duty of an Archbishop is to recognize that it is not: to-day is to-day. He has been more successful in dealing with Modernism, in connection with which he has effectually discouraged more than one threatened heresy-hunt, than with the Revision question: here he was the victim of his environment, and miscalculated. Hence a considerable breakage of crockery; the end of which is not yet. He will be missed at Lambeth by men of all parties: we may go further, and fare worse. Who will be his successor? Someone, it is safe to say, who whether he supported or opposed the Revised Book did so moderately; and with a certain external and internal restraint. "Ah! still consider it again." The Archbishop of York, *e.g.*, has expressed himself on the subject with discretion; the Bishop

of Norwich with wisdom and insight. From the first the latter prelate urged the acceptance of the non-contentious part of the Revision—i.e., of nine-tenths of it; and the dropping of the obviously unacceptable changes in the Communion Service. This will in all probability be the solution adopted. How it can best be carried into effect—here admittedly is the difficulty—it will be for the future to decide.

Other dignitaries pass in review. "It is difficult to estimate the strength of the Northern Primate; because his has been the second voice, and he has been decidedly the second string." Is "Layman" sure of this? The Northern Primate is a dark horse; also he keeps his own counsel—as prudent men do. Bishop Headlam "is unpopular and lacks urbanity: he has great learning, but little tact." The Bishop of Durham has the mind of a lawyer. He is a brilliant debater; and his speech in the House of Lords was the event of the discussion. But his violence overreached itself. Had he been less vehement, he would have been more effective: it was a case of *trop de zèle*. Bishop Temple "hustles"; Bishop Barnes is obsessed by Mr. Darwin. The Bishop of London, in spite of a lovable personality, "has little capacity for administration, and none for debate." Dean Inge's articles in the *EVENING STANDARD* have made him "the favourite author of first-class smoking carriages." Incidentally a Dean, he is primarily a philosopher and a publicist; "in the Church House he sits silent, aloof, and bored"—as most sensible men would.

"Layman's" picture of Anglo-Catholicism ranks with Mr. Compton Mackenzie's well-known Trilogy on the subject. The party is divided into several sections, all of which however act together, and manage to wash their dirty linen at home. It includes "a handful of eccentrics who say Mass in Latin, receive Communion in one kind, and give Benediction in their churches." These persons are, no doubt, a minority; but, as usual, the head is wagged by the tail. An eminent Nonconformist describes the Anglo-Catholics as the "livest" party in the Church. They certainly make most noise in it: and their methods have much in common with those of Dissent. They do not move easily among ideas; they are "at ease in Zion"; and—they advertise. Bishop Gore's influence among them seems to be on the decrease; he is "behind the fair"—and his scholarship sets him (rather obviously) between two stools. In theology they are weak. At Cambridge, where "Modernism is represented by a notable group of professors," the Divinity School is a power; at Oxford, where, since Dr. Sanday's death and Dr. Headlam's promotion, it has been Anglo-Catholic, it is a byword. As to Revision the party has been divided. The revolt of the *CHURCH TIMES* was an important factor in the rejection of the measure. Great were the searchings of hearts! On the following Sunday a Regius Professor of Divinity preached an impassioned sermon in Christ Church, the peroration of which was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

The Movement, says "Layman," "is a leaven which may (or may not) leaven the whole lump." If by the lump is meant the nation, it has as much chance of doing so as Christian Science or Spiritualism. If the Church, its opportunity lies in the increasing difficulty in obtaining candidates for ordination from the Universities and Public Schools. The clergy are now mainly recruited from the theological colleges and from institutions of the seminary type, like Mirfield and Kelham, which are in Anglo-Catholic hands:—

"Kelham is a definite seminary. The students are taken quite young, and come in general from comparatively poor families, who are unable to pay for their training. They take an Arts course at Nottingham University, and receive a specialized education for the work of the priesthood, almost as thorough and scientific as that given to Roman Catholic priests. And, when generations of men trained on these lines are working in the parishes, the whole character and tone of the Church must be radically changed."

To what extent will the parishes accept their ministrations, and assimilate their teaching? This is a matter with regard to which "Layman" wisely refrains from prophesying. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" is no doubt an important question. But an even more important one is, "How, under the present conditions of English life, can Englishmen be provided with preachers whom they will, or should, or can reasonably be expected to hear?"

A. F.

## POETRY

**Toulemonde.** By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)  
**Collected Poems.** By JOHN FREEMAN. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)  
**Time Importuned. Poems.** By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

POETRY has been in an unsatisfactory condition ever since the War, and critics have racked their brains in vain attempt to solve problems that are really ignored by the poets themselves. Blank-verse poets continue to stalk down one side of the public thoroughfare with measured steps and dignified bearing, while their modernist rivals zigzag on the opposite side with flippant or disrespectful gestures. The mere reader who wishes to avoid either extreme of conduct, to face both ways and take the best that is given him, has to endure many disappointments. It is curious to find, for instance, that modernists who have shaken off the dead weight of poetic diction accept the worn-out coinage of everyday speech and use it without a qualm. The English language, in its passage through the popular and mixed imagination of America, is losing its abstract and rhetorical accumulations and becoming an objective language once more. Metaphorical compound-words, humorous, ingenious, and astonishing, spring up in remarkable abundance. But this poetic energy of the popular mind is not found in the free verse of Chicago. It is, certainly, lacking in Mr. Morley's book.

In a top room of a skyscraper, Toulemonde, the poet hero of Mr. Morley's verse, has stars and electric signs for his neighbours: New York is below him:—

"My favourite bathtub poet? William Blake  
 For porcelain pensiveoes takes the cake."

That looks up-to-date, but a brief examination proves it to be literary and factitious; besides the cake is stale. Mr. Morley attempts to show us how men to-day "up-end their poetry on sky, Flash it in chains of yellow crawling cars." His pastiche work is clever and reminiscent of Mr. T. S. Eliot when he nods. But one suddenly begins to realize that the cheerful, colloquial verses with their flights towards occasional felicity are not modern at all but Browning:—

"Besides, Silenus, you can't always drink  
 Straight from the bottle's neck, You'd miss the colour,  
 The shape and ceremony of the glass.  
 Maybe we poets haven't quite kept pace  
 With other climbing arts. But there you are.  
 They deal so close with actuality,  
 Drink life from the bottle. We must cool  
 Our vintage, pour it in the proper crystal,  
 Hold it to the light, and drink the toast,  
 See how that green is dabbled in the gold."

That is Mr. Morley at his best, and it has something of the mild and secondary charm which is to be found in his genial prose.

Of traditional poets, Mr. John Freeman is one of the best known, and his volume of collected poems represents twenty years of steady work. He approximates, like Mr. Laurence Binyon, towards that ample utterance which has been the glory of the past. The equable and sustained quality of his poetry is noteworthy. If we never find ourselves on a sudden peak we are at any rate always on an agreeable and sparse plateau. The quiet level of Mr. Freeman's poems seems to be as much a result of equanimity as of the diction which he has mastered. To become a master of traditional diction, however, tends to decrease individuality. The poet becomes like a politician who can make a fine speech upon the slightest opportunity and rejoices in circumlocutions. Many persons, nowadays, feel distinctly uncomfortable when a poet uses words a size too large for the subject which they are meant to fit. So when Mr. Freeman tells us of a gardener snicking a creeper, he writes:—

"But one black night  
 (For not in the light  
 May such treacheries be done)  
 Came with dishonoured weapon one  
 And cut the stem."

We do not really believe in that horticultural implement. But the advantages of traditional art are still considerable. Only in the thought-forms of the ages can one express a philosophic completeness, a restfulness and serenity of spirit. They can never hope to retire and live upon their poetic savings. Lines

such as these by Mr. Freeman on "The Evening Sky" have a large and antique calm:—

"Rose-bosom'd and rose-limb'd  
With eyes of dazzling bright  
Shakes Venus 'mid the twined boughs of the night:  
Rose-limb'd, soft stepping  
From bough to bough  
Shaking the wide-hung starry fruitage—dimmed  
Its bloom of snow  
By that sole planetary glow."

In the cool and grave atmosphere of Mr. Freeman's poetry one may at least find peace. His art is never obtrusive; realization of the careful craftsmanship that gives his best work a luminous quality is gradual.

Miss Warner has shown a pretty spirit in prose, but her second book of verse scarcely adds to her reputation. Her book is ample in size because she has been content to write as often as not in this sort of way:—

"Alas my dear, Farewell's a word  
Pleasant to sing but ill to say  
And Hope a vermin that dies hard;  
As you will find, one day."

At best she writes with nice simplicity, but she does not take the art of poetry seriously.

### THE NEW INDIVIDUALISM

**Things to Come: Essays.** By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume of twenty-four miscellaneous essays (all but three of which are reprinted from the *ADELPHI*) is announced as a sequel to Mr. Murry's "To the Unknown God," but it differs at least in intention if not in subject-matter. "To the Unknown God" recorded a progress to a definite position; his concern in these pages is to deal with a number of matters from the viewpoint of that position. The later book may not be so exciting, but it will certainly be regarded as, on the whole, more explicit. Not that it is, or could be, entirely so, for Mr. Murry declares frankly that the innermost heart of what he has to say is not, and cannot be, capable of logical exposition; he is much given, as perhaps every mystic must be, to Coleridge's "cyclical mode of discoursing." For a mystic he is, whatever his dislike of the label; again and again he tells us that knowledge is not true knowledge which does not of necessity end in mystery. One may reject him on that account, but it should be clear that to do so implies no criticism of him.

He is, indeed, a very personal writer, in many ways not wholly amenable to the normal standards of comment and criticism. From the beginning he bases himself to a singular degree upon a spiritual experience, an enduring perception of harmony in the world at large, for which one has very largely in these pages to take his word; to doubt his complete sincerity is, in fact, simply to throw him overboard. He can only appeal for corroboration to his interpretation of the lives and works of the great teachers and poets whom he professes to follow, and his success when he does so, as very occasionally in this volume, suggests that he might do better to follow that line of advance. The book "Keats and Shakespeare" not only profoundly illuminated the personality of Keats and gave added meaning to his poetry, but made clearer than anything in "To the Unknown God" or the present volume the true inwardness of what Mr. Murry is driving at. Twice in these pages he outlines the stages of his progress from what he has termed a "barren intellectualism" to what he is to-day, but they tell us little; it is only in "Keats and Shakespeare" that these bones take on flesh, and live and move and become real to us.

He is, it perhaps needs to be made clear, as much concerned with literature as ever he was. He has involved literature with religion because he discerns in it the highest possible expression of the truly religious spirit. He rejects specifically the Catholic claim that poetry aspires to the condition of prayer; on the other hand, poetry expresses—or rather creates—the condition to which prayer aspires. Since the Renaissance, he declares, Western humanity's highest life-conception has been proclaimed not by the Church, but by literature. It is the supreme revelation, as Jesus is the

supreme poet. Jesus was, in effect, the first modern man, though it was not until the close of the great Catholic domination that his first great successor, Shakespeare, was born. They both pondered, suffered, went into the wilderness of utter despair, utter loneliness, were reborn so that they saw all things newly, loved them all as harmonious, beautiful. They and their fellows, Goethe, Keats, Melville, Chekhov, and a few others—they are all "shaped after the same pattern," they all undergo "fundamentally the same experience." They were all complete men, accepting all, denying nothing. They were the great individualists whom we should seek to understand, and of whose example we have particular need to-day, if only to create individuals who can resist the "elemental pull" of the crowd, the only war-maker!

It is these conceptions of the great poet as the only "whole" man, and of poetry as the only expression of a final reality which alone offers a true qualitative standard, that lie behind and unite this collection of essays on psychology, poetry, the survival of personality after death, science, religion, and politics. Perhaps, in the circumstances, it may be agreed that the only really relevant or even applicable means of judgment is that of the actual degree to which Mr. Murry is able, by the application of his accepted principles, to give new meaning, an unexpected profundity, to the subjects he deals with. By his fruits must we know him, and, if some are not yet ripe and others a little rotten, still there are enough sufficiently fresh and satisfying to prove that his roots are set deep in a fertile if not wholly familiar soil. He is always at his best in his treatment of purely literary subjects, and the most pleasing essays are those upon Keats and Tolstoy, and upon poetry. In others, particularly those in which he attempts to approach the heart of his mystical experience, there are passages which will be apt to irritate even the sympathetic reader; the rhetoric grows shrill, almost as though he himself despaired of effective utterance before the shrine of Eternal Ineffability! Nevertheless, the fact remains that Mr. Murry is one of the four or five younger critics whose opinions and whose progress really are of some importance.

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## ORIGINS OF THE LEAGUE

**The Drafting of the Covenant.** By DAVID HUNTER MILLER. Introduction by NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. Two Vols. (Putnams. \$15.00.)

**The Origins of the League Covenant.** By FLORENCE WILSON. Introduction by PROFESSOR P. J. NOEL BAKER. (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.)

To the student or the historian of the League idea Mr. Miller's book will be indispensable. As a source book, it gives the fullest and fairest account of the making of the greatest of Treaties; and as a political study, it helps understanding of all the proposals accepted or rejected by the Covenant's authors. It is not meant, of course, for the casual reader, and parts of it might perhaps have been more lucidly set out; but its production greatly increases the debt we owe to Mr. Miller, who, with Sir Cecil Hurst, was one of the chief *accoucheurs* of the Covenant.

The book begins with the draft and Report prepared in March, 1918, for the British Foreign Office by a committee under Lord Phillimore: the Committee included Sir Eyre Crowe and Sir C. Hurst, and it is significant that their draft, written with full knowledge of the working of the Allied "blockade," includes the substance of Article XVI., the Sanctions article, of the Covenant. Next comes the French plan, dated June, 1918, and then Colonel House's draft, dated July, and incorporating much of the Phillimore draft: it is to this draft that we owe the substance of the famous Article XI. There follows Wilson's very interesting First Draft, which in some respects went far beyond the Covenant: it provided for all-inclusive compulsory arbitration in a more summary but not less comprehensive way than the Geneva Protocol. A draft by Lansing, two more drafts by Wilson, and the Smuts and Cecil contributions follow; and then the work in Paris begins, with the Hurst-Miller draft prepared by Sir Cecil Hurst and the writer of this book. From that point onwards Mr. Miller records the progress from day to day, with accounts of every meeting of the League Commission.

Here one can see how each phrase of the Covenant was saved, and what projects were heaved overboard. The idea of all-inclusive pacific settlement, originally favoured by Wilson, afterwards supported by Switzerland, and subsequently embodied in the Protocol, disappeared at the outset. Curiously enough, however, the famous paragraph 7 of Article XV. (the one which leaves States free to fight, after three months' delay, if the Council fails to reach a unanimous report), was only added at a late stage, by the Final Drafting Committee. Miss Wilson (in the second of the two books under review) records the prophetic comment of M. Bourgeois on this fateful addition, "that the whole idea of obligation now disappeared, and it would be necessary to conclude separate alliances."

The proposal to give binding effect to a unanimous report of the Council was finally jettisoned, but here again the idea has since been revived: it reappears in the Protocol and in the recommendations recently made to the League by Norway and by Germany.

Another proposal, then abandoned but since revived, was for the prohibition of preparations for war whilst pacific procedure was going on.

The book records the French struggle for the creation of an international force, and the Japanese effort to secure inclusion of a declaration of "the principle of equality of nations": none of the delegates except the British were willing to oppose this vague declaration, and Lord Cecil, it seems, was not happy about his instructions to oppose it. Here, too, is a summary of Wilson's impassioned speech at midnight on the Monroe Doctrine, a speech which, Mr. Miller says, "seemed to cast a spell over those present." Mr. Lloyd George, the book discloses, tried the manoeuvre of making his acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine Article conditional upon his securing in exchange an Anglo-American naval agreement.

Mr. Miller's account fills a volume of 555 pages; and a second volume contains forty documents.

Miss Wilson's book is much smaller, but covers the same ground. Instead of telling the story chronologically, she takes the Articles in sequence, condensing all the discussions

on them into about 100 pages. The summary seems very fair and clear (so far as can be judged without all the sources), though, of course, much interesting material has to be omitted from so brief an analysis. Another 100 pages are occupied with texts, including Lord Cecil's memorandum of October, 1916, the Italian draft, and the interesting draft prepared for the Scandinavian Governments.

The book is less important than Mr. Miller's, but within its compass it does its job admirably; it will probably be more widely used by the average reader, and should be in every collection of books on League subjects.

Both books make one realize afresh what an amazing achievement the Covenant was, and how great was Wilson's contribution. Above all, we have to thank him for having insisted, even in the Paris of the Peace Conference, that the foundations of a new order must be laid then, not later. He judged that the iron was hot enough for the striking, and time has proved him right.

W. A. F.

## BURNT CORK

**Minstrel Memories: The Story of Burnt Cork Minstrelsy in Great Britain from 1836 to 1927.** By HARRY REYNOLDS. (Alston Rivers. 12s. 6d.)

In the sixties and seventies, Mr. Reynolds tells us, "England was divided into two classes—those that wanted to become minstrels and those that did not, and the first were apparently in the majority, including all classes of people, anybody in fact whose mother or neighbours had rashly told him he could sing." Then, and to the end of the eighties, Moore and Burgess were household names, and no London holiday was complete without at least one evening spent at the smaller St. James's Hall in Piccadilly. When the hall was pulled down in 1904, after nearly fifty years of "burnt cork" prosperity, the day of "Ethiopian Minstrelsy" was over. Mr. Reynolds himself carried on for a year or two longer in the provinces, but the sun had set, and the after-glow was brief. The jovial black man died, and more sophisticated Pierrot took his place. Yet his run had been a long one, and his popularity great. For obscure reasons the minstrels were accepted as respectable even by people to whom the theatre was taboo and the music-hall unmentionable. The managers of the troupes were not slow to seize their opportunity, and suppressed rigorously any approach to dubious or even controversial topics. They mixed any amount of boisterous fun with a strong dash of sentimentality and a basis of good choral singing. They appealed to the emotions, but put no strain on the intelligence. Thus for a long while their position was unchallenged, and in fact it was only as social attitudes and theatrical standards changed, and a process of internal decay took place also, that the fall from favour began. The first American nigger minstrels appeared publicly in England in the forties. In the following decade some of the famous Christy troupe performed in London, but it was in the sixties and seventies that there evolved the famous Moore and Burgess organization which for thirty-five years remained prominent among London amusements, and succumbed at last owing to over-capitalization. Eugene Stratton and many another "leading exponent of burnt cork minstrelsy" appeared under the Moore and Burgess management, which represented the high-water mark of talent and efficiency. But it had many rivals, and companies were constantly breaking up and reforming—and degenerating. Mr. Reynolds, according to his personal reminiscences, had hard times enough, and when he gave up—a score of years ago, perhaps—night had fallen indeed. Only one or two bright particular stars, Chirgwin and G. H. Elliott, for example, were left to shine on in solitude.

Mr. Reynolds does not pretend to literary graces (or even arts), and his arrangement of his matter is scrappy and haphazard, but he knows what he is talking about, and has something to say on most aspects of his subject. Sometimes a little too much, for the details of the progress and membership of the troupes, given in the latter half of the book, are of doubtful value and the average reader must find them tedious. Much the same may be said of some of the numerous photographs, though doubtless there are many who will

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peruse them, as they will recall the names, with memories of their own. It is noteworthy, by the way, that never were genuine negro actors able to compete with their "burnt cork" imitators!

### VILLON AGAIN

**The Last Hour, and Other Plays.** By GEORGE GRAVELY. (The Cayme Press. 5s.)

THIS well-bound little volume contains five short plays. "The Last Hour," after which the book is named, a piece about François Villon, was performed at Cambridge simultaneously with the book's publication. It is an interesting one-act play, and violates no essential feature of Villon's character as this has been revealed to us from legal documents and his poems. But Villon tells his friends a little too much about his weaknesses. This kind of thing, in one-act drama, is probably more convincingly done in soliloquy, in silent thinking (translated in stage-technique into thinking aloud), God and the Devil as audience. It is thus that nearly every live soul realizes itself, whereas it is the garrulous female of the flapper type who is so confiding to her friends about her virtues and vices. But the imperfection is not too pronounced; often the dialogue is natural enough. When Villon tells Isabeau that it is woman's fault that he is such a scamp, Mr. Gravelly is very faithful to his material, for Villon in one part of his Great Testament, certainly did declare war to the death on all women. Says Villon to Isabeau in Mr. Gravelly's one-act play, "It's all your fault, Isabeau, you and the rest. How can a man be good when your white arms and your red mouths are for ever inviting him to sin? If there were no girls there'd be no drunkards and wasters, Isabeau. When we can't have you, we drink to drown sorrow, and when we've got you, we don't care a fig for the world. The girls of Paris! No lips speak like those of Paris—or taste like them, I should say."

From the stage point of view it is a realistic piece of work, and not entirely unfaithful to fact, though it contains a certain amount of licence. Actually Villon killed Sermoise in the late spring, and not in the winter, nor did the poet's mother die on the same night. It seems fairly certain that Mr. Gravelly knows the actual facts, and no doubt would reply that for dramatic purposes exact fidelity to fact is not essential. Villon's reason, however, for killing Sermoise is both plausible and amusing, and Mr. Gravelly is to be congratulated on a really interesting contribution to Villon material. He kills Sermoise because he objects to his criticism and bad verses. Says Villon to his questioner in the play, "He's a bad poet, and he started putting insults on me that no man could bear." Then Isabeau butted in, and got wounded also; again not true to fact, though it helps on the play.

But the book should not have been called "The Last Hour." By far its best inclusion is a four-scene play called "The Fisherman," a thing of profound religious significance. This should make a strong impression on the stage.

### ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

By an error, "Epigrams," by George Rostrevor Hamilton (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), was referred to as an anthology. The epigrams are all the work of Mr. Hamilton.

The following are plays, in paper covers, published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford: "Full Circle," by Storm Jameson (1s. 6d.); "A Penny for the Guy," by Margaret Macnamara (1s.); "Gather Ye Rosebuds," by Blair (2s.).

"The Living Bible," edited from the King James version by Bolton Hall (Knopf, 15s.), is a condensed Bible from which repetitions, genealogies, boundaries, and similar matter are omitted. It is in double columns and has crossheadings.

"Asoka," by Radhakumud Mookerji (Macmillan, 21s.), is an interpretation of Asoka's career, with a translation and annotation of inscriptions. It is illustrated with photographs of Asokan monuments.

In "The Future of an Illusion" (Hogarth Press, 6s.) Professor Sigmund Freud, the famous psycho-analyst, for the first time deals with the psychology and future of religion.

"The Development of International Law," by Sir Geoffrey

Butler and Simon Maccoby (Longmans, 25s.), is described as "an experiment in method." The authors attempt to relate the changes in international law to the changes in the State system of the world.

"The Thirsty Earth," by E. H. Carrier (Christophers, 10s. 6d.), is a treatise on the theory and practice of irrigation in various countries.

### NOVEL IN BRIEF

**The Gateway of the World.** By KATHARINE CLAIRE PERRIS. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

In this novel, a spirit of some beauty and subtlety tries to express itself in words. But words are stubborn, they lump together, they spread themselves out, they obscure the beauty of a conception, and bore and harass the reader: "From the large, rectangular garden behind the Rue de Nancy one could gain a good view of the rambling and rather dilapidated house that was Madame Matier's school, lying in the shape of a T over the sloping lawn." If Miss Perris were not worth taking seriously, it would be idle to remark that printed words communicate themselves to the brain as much by sound as by sight, and that "could gain a good view" and "that was" are disagreeable to the ear. A book written like this becomes wearisome after the first hundred pages. But Miss Perris has something precious she wants to make us feel. In a fashionable Paris school, during the war, Ann Tennant makes friends with Andrée Dufresne. Andrée lives an inner life, deriving joy, strength, and consolation from the memory of her happy childhood in Rebensdorf, over the German frontier. After a few months together, the two girls part and meet as young women, six years later, in Rebensdorf. There the forces of friendship, love, and death do their worst. It is very probable that Miss Perris, with her large polyglot family of girls, owes something to Miss Margaret Kennedy. But Miss Perris is rather stiff and stern.

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The best vocal record is by Galli-Curci, soprano, and De Luca, baritone, who sing the duets from "La Traviata," "Dite alla giovine" and "Imponete" (DB1165. 8s. 6d.), with tremendous style. After this record Evelyn Scotney, soprano, in the Waltz Song from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," is just a trifle thin in style, though her voice is better in "Caro nome" from "Rigoletto" (D1435. 8s. 6d.). A very good record is by the tenor Pertile, and the Scala Chorus, in two songs from "Lohengrin," though Wagner always sound very strange and un-Wagnerian when sung in Italian by Italians (DB1107. 8s. 6d.).

A technically admirable organ record is Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat major, No. 4, Allegro con brio and Adagio, played by Marcel Dupré (D1433. 6s. 6d.), and the music itself is well worth recording.

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## THE OWNER-DRIVER

### A NEW CAR AND CHANGE OUT OF £113

I HAVE just returned from a trip in a new four-seater car which has cost only £112 10s. It is the "Century" 9 h.p. Clyno.

This is not a freak contraption on wheels, built down to a price to meet the demand for a car "somewhere round about £100"; the chassis is identical with that on which the popular fabric-saloon Clyno at £160 is fitted.

The difference between the two models is in coachwork and equipment; the engine and vital parts are unchanged, except that coil ignition is substituted for the magneto.

This is a sensible way of doing things. The Clyno Company, instead of entering the new competitive sphere with an untried cheap car, have reached the conclusion that it will pay to increase the output of a model built for a rather higher-scale market. To bring the price down to £112 10s. they have shed shock absorbers, speedometer and clock, but they offer a sound, straightforward automobile, with four-seater body, hood, rigid side curtains, spare wheel and tyre, windscreen wiper, horn, air strangler, number plates, tool kit, tyre pump, wheel brace, chassis grease gun, &c.

The essentials are there, with an ammeter and switches on the dash, and four-wheel brakes.

I sought one of these new cars in the provinces—unknown to the manufacturers—in order that I might answer some of the questions put to me by people who want a simple and inexpensive car.

So far as the mechanical part of the vehicle is concerned, I am satisfied that the "Century" Clyno should provide a trustworthy means of transport even with a load of four adults. Where the road surfaces are good, smooth running up to forty miles an hour is assured. Another ten miles an hour can be got, but on such a light and short-wheel chassis I should prefer to run at something below the maximum speed.

My advice to people who buy such cars for use in districts where roads are indifferent is to arrange at the outset for a full set of shock absorbers and rebound dampers. They add much to the comfort of the driver and passengers and tend to prolong the life of the car.

To pare production costs down to the point at which a car can be retailed at £112 10s. every penny of unnecessary expense must be considered, but it is a debatable point whether in the long run it is a wise policy to provide one door only to a four-seater body on a short-wheel base chassis.

It may interest the Clyno people to learn that I find prospective purchasers very critical on this subject. Day after day I am asked to name the small car with the largest amount of body space, and I am thoroughly convinced that coachwork which does not provide for a separate door to the rear seats will fail to meet the requirements of a large number.

An extra door means extra manufacturing costs, but I should make provision for it and risk the consequences. As a keen student of public taste in such matters I am convinced this demand will be found irresistible.

Except on this point I consider the "Century" Clyno is a remarkably clever conception. It is pleasant to drive, a good performer (within its limitations, of course), and a type of car for which there is a tremendous field.

These "Auto babies" are going to find their way into the hands of a lot of people who cannot be classed as "family men." I know a keen youngster of eighteen who has already sold a fast motor-cycle and is saving every penny on which he can lay his hands in order to secure a four-wheeler. His sister has bet him a pair of gloves that she will also have one for her own use before Christmas. The Pater—an owner-driver—offers no protest, because if his young folk get cars of their own there will be fewer claims upon his time and his car. And the Mater is pleased at the prospect of having a reserve vehicle which she may hope to have the benefit of occasionally when her husband is using his own car for business.

We are rapidly approaching the time when many thousands of families will own two cars, and I am sure nothing will attract greater crowds at the next Motor Show than the inexpensive cars of low horse-power.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motor inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.



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## COMPANY MEETING.

## MOND NICKEL COY., Ltd.

The fourteenth annual general meeting of the Mond Nickel Co., Ltd., was held on the 12th inst., at Caxton Hall, S.W.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Melchett, P.C., F.R.S., D.Sc. (the Chairman), said that the profit and loss account showed an increase in the gross profit of £247,890, an increase of nearly 50 per cent. on the previous year's figure. The improvement was mainly due to the great increase in the deliveries of their main product, nickel. Another factor had been a further reduction in the cost of matte produced in Canada, which in the last two years had been brought down by 25 per cent., and was now lower than ever before. The net profit, but for the transfer of £50,000 to suspense account, had been increased by almost the identical amount as the gross profit. He thought it would be agreed that the company had had a most satisfactory year and that it was in a very strong position. The mines which the company was at present working, namely, the Garson and Levack, were looking as well as ever, and they had been able to prove further ore reserves during the year. They had, however, been fortunate in finding in the Froid Extension Mine a property of very large extent and of better grade than they had had in the past.

Referring to the phenomenal increase in the general consumption of nickel, the Chairman said practically every country and every user of nickel was increasing its demands, and that was why he thought the industry was to-day on a much sounder and more stable basis than he had ever known it to be.

The company had an extensive programme of work before it, and it was therefore proposed to increase the authorized Ordinary capital from £900,000 to £1,500,000 by the creation of 1,200,000 shares of 10s. each. The Board proposed to issue 600,000 of the new shares at a premium of £2 15s. for each 10s. share, thus making the price of issue £3 5s. This offer would be made to the Ordinary shareholders on the register on the 2nd inst. in the ratio of one new share for every three held. It was also proposed to subdivide the £1 Ordinary shares into two shares of 10s. each.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the proposed subdivision and increase of capital was approved.

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NEXT WEEK.

## LOW on CARTOONISTS

In next week's issue of "THE NATION" there will be an entertaining article by Low, the world famous cartoonist, entitled "The Caricaturist's Corner." It will interest and amuse all our readers. There is sure to be an increased demand for it, so order your copy now.

## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

NEW YORK—INTERNATIONAL HOLDINGS' ISSUE—RAILWAYS AND TIN—FILM FINANCE

**A** FRESH reaction in New York and the glut of new issues, not to mention the heat-wave, have served to keep markets in London dull and to send stockbrokers on their holidays. On the whole, prices have held up remarkably well, but no one now expects markets to show much liveliness before the autumn. Up to the end of last week new issues this year have amounted to £259,282,485, against £223,072,485 in the same period last year. Underwriters have been caught badly in the last few weeks, and the £7,000,000 issue by the Commonwealth of Australia is likely to close down the issue season with a "flop." There may be more trouble on the New York Stock Exchange before the American elections take place. It is curious to find that some prominent industrial leaders are on the side of Governor "Al" Smith. Who knows but that these gentlemen may not like to conduct an offensive in the stock markets in support of "Al" Smith prosperity which would have to be countered by another rise in "call" money and the Federal rediscount rates? There is already the suggestion of a struggle between the Federal Reserve authorities and certain market interests backed by a few member banks. So far the Federal Reserve authorities, having put their rediscount rates up to 5 per cent., have won, but the battle still rages, and New York remains for us a disturbing influence in both money market and Stock Exchange.

The issue of International Holding and Investment Common shares, to which we referred last week, has now been announced. Messrs. J. Henry Schroder & Company, and the British, Foreign and Colonial have formed a syndicate which is buying 380,000 shares at \$12 (equivalent to \$120 before splitting), and is taking options on 246,000 shares at an average of \$15 per share. The immediate issue will give the Company about \$4,560,000, and the exercise of the options a further amount of \$3,696,000. The statement issued by the members of the Advisory Committee shows that at the much depreciated market prices ruling on July 12th the break-up value of the assets of the Company is \$12 per share. This should reassure shareholders to some extent, but it must be understood that some of the Company's holdings are not easily realizable. For example, it holds the majority of the share capital of the Belgian and French Tubize Companies which could not possibly be thrown on the market. Apart from Tubize it holds 14 per cent. of the capital of Glanzstoff, 11 per cent. of the German Bemberg, 14 per cent. of the Dutch Enka, 20 per cent. of the Polish Tomaszow, and a substantial interest in Breda. The Hydro-Electric Securities Corporation comes out well it will be seen from the Advisory Committee's scrutiny. Its holding of American and other public utility shares show an appreciation over book value, and of its railway and chemical investments the principal are New York Central and Allied Chemical & Dye, which are "gilt-edged" industrials.

On Friday of last week your contributor found himself in the company of equally distinguished gentlemen and one boy proceeding by special train to witness the opening of a tin smelter at Bootle. Before commenting upon this event it is perhaps permissible to digress upon a matter of railway politics. The plight of the home railways is serious for shareholders who depend on dividends. The £4,500,000 decline in traffics for the half-year cannot possibly be offset by operating economies under present labour conditions. A meeting is to take place this week between masters and men in which Mr. J. H. Thomas, on behalf of the men, is to ask the officials to cut their salaries and the officials are to ask the men to give up their guaranteed week. It may be suggested to both sides that what they should do is to earn their salaries and wages by making the railways a more efficient and attractive mode of transport. Anyone who sends goods by train knows that the railways are not

yet efficient. Most people who own motor-cars believe that passenger trains are not comfortable or pleasant. Now the "tin" special proved that a passenger train can serve excellent breakfasts, cocktails, ices, and cigars, can provide quiet, clean service, and can offer amusements, as well as travel at seventy to eighty miles an hour. At each end of this "tin" special a cinema show was provided in which the films betrayed less "flicker" than in many a cinema theatre, while a Brunswick panatrope played the usual frantic jazz selections. No doubt the wireless could be made to function equally well. Why could not the railways try to make every long-distance train a "special"—that is, advertise some special attraction that will appeal to the comfort or self-satisfaction of the traveller? No other form of transport can offer films or dance music while speeding at eighty miles an hour. Immense publicity value could be obtained in this way and the cost could be saved on such unnecessary luxuries as keeping up local passenger stations when the average daily fares collected do not cover the wages of stationmaster, porter, and signalman.

To return to the tin smelter at Bootle which belongs to the Penpoll Company, a subsidiary of the London Tin Syndicate. It is an important move on the part of a British producer to control one of the biggest smelters in Europe. This smelter refines chiefly the tin ore of the Nigerian mines associated with the Anglo-Oriental group. It refines also Bolivian tin ore, which has to be mixed with Nigerian ore in the smelting operation. This is important because Bolivia holds or upsets the balance between the production and consumption of tin. At the present price of tin (£210) some Bolivian mines can only work at a loss. If they were to close down the excess of supply would be immediately corrected. The significance of the fact that the Bolivian "tin" magnate, M. Patino, was present at the opening of the Penpoll smelter will be appreciated. There seems to be the possibility of a turn in the tin market. Consumption this year has been satisfactory, and August is usually a good consuming month. Moreover, the closing down of a few Chinese mines may have some effect upon the Eastern supplies. But we confess that the outlook is still far from clear.

THE NATION has made some severe but necessary criticisms from time to time on the issues of new film producing companies. We therefore welcome an outspoken article in the *Economist* of July 14th on British film finance. In this article an exact calculation is given of the paper losses suffered up to date by subscribers to eleven film company issues (omitting Gaumont-British and P.C.T.) made since the Government Films Bill was introduced. The calculation shows that the public put up 93 per cent. of the cash subscribed, and was given only 57.5 per cent. of the estimated profits and 53.6 per cent. of the voting power. Taking the market prices on July 6th of the preferred and deferred shares issued by these eleven companies—the issues generally took the objectionable form of preferred shares with no real security behind them and deferred shares of 1s. denomination—it was found that on its deferred shares the public had a profit of £32,498 and on its preferred shares a loss of £468,863, making a total net loss of £436,365, while the vendors on their preferred shares had a loss of £14,812, and on their deferred shares a profit of £403,709, making a total net profit of £388,897. In other words, the result achieved so far by the Films Act, which the Government passed in order to force a quota of British films on film distributors and cinema theatre owners in this country, has been to force a number of questionable film promotions on the British public. The Government, by declaring that it must support British films at any price, has enabled the astute company promoters to fix the price to date at £388,897, which they have put in their own pockets.

